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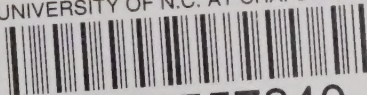
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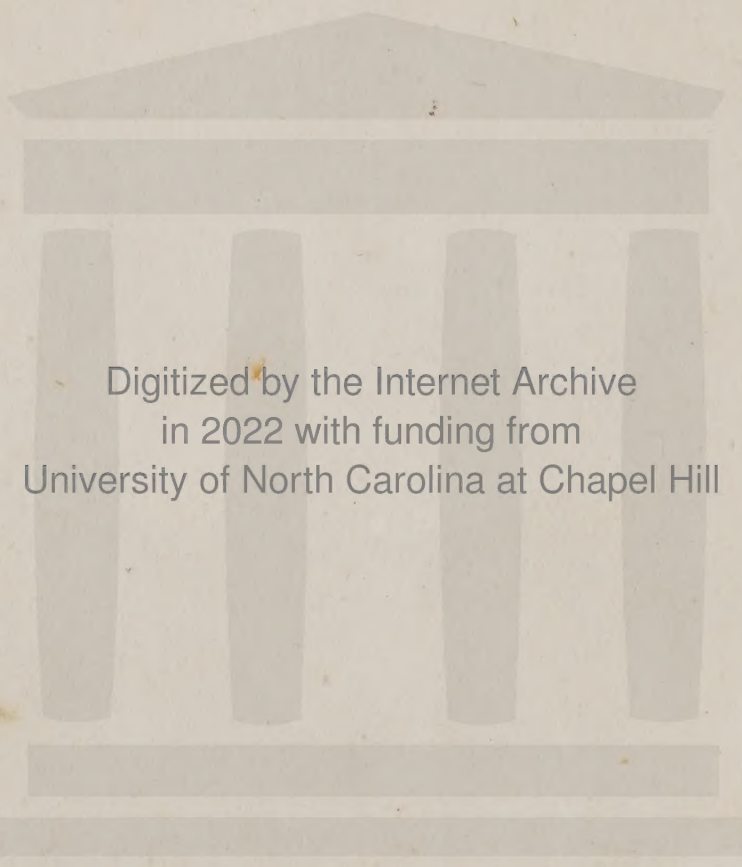
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Walter Scott

Phill
BEAUTIES

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

NOTICES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY F. CAMPBELL, Esq.

“———Like the bag o’ the bee.”

—◆—
VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY RICHARD EDWARDS, 6, CRANE COURT,
FLEET STREET.

—
1824.

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BEAUTIES

BRITISH POETS

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY J. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY RICHARD EDWARDS, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

1794.

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BEAUTIES
OF THE
BRITISH POETS:

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

WINTER.

Southey.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze
That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
Pleasant the Autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove ;

And pleasant to the sober'd soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When Nature shrouds her in her trance,
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam,
The wild-heath sparkling on the sight ;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds.

And see the spangled branches shine,
 And snatch the moss of many a hue,
 That varies the old tree's brown bark,
 Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

The cluster'd berries claim the eye,
 O'er the bright holly's gay green leaves ;
 The ivy round the leafless oak
 Clasps its full foliage close.

LAMENTATION OVER PALESTINE.

Heber.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion, mourn !
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone !
 While suns unblessed their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?—
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait ;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :
 But lawless Force, and meagre Want, are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless fear ;
 While cold oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints ! ye warrior sons of heaven !
 To whose high care Judæa's state was given !
 O, wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
 A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep !
 If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
 By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill,
 If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
 And mourn the captive land you lov'd so well ;

(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale,
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear !)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy !

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord !
Loved for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd ;
If at thy name the waves forgot their force,
And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ;
If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine !
Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
And wild wood-boars her mangled clusters tear.
Was it for this she stretched her peopled reign
From far Euphrates to the western main ?
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
And o'er the Arabian deep thy branches played ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
Not such their hope, when through the parted main
The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :
Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light :
Not, when fierce conquest urged the onward war,
And hurled stern Canaan from his iron car :
Nor when five monarchs led to Gideon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stayed,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delayed ;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curbed her pale car, and checked her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,
And God's own darkness veiled her conscious height ;
(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glowed :)

Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, his power, eternal, infinite?
Awe-struck, I cease; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve his altar with unhallowed fire.

HELVELLYN.

Scott.

[In the spring of 1805, Mr. Charles Gough of Manchester, perished by losing his way over the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered until three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier, his constant attendant during his frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumber-land and Westmoreland.]

I CLIMBED the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and
wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And, starting, around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Strathen-edgeround the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedecam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock on the front was impending,
When I marked the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay:
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was
slumber?

When the wind waved his garments, how oft didst
thou start?

How many long days and long nights didst thou
number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

But ah! was it meet, that no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him,
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The dark tapestry waves round the dim-lighted hall;
With 'scutcheons of silver, the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming,

In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
'To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, 'wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in
stature,

And draws his last sob by the side of his dam;
And more stately thy couch, by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With but one faithful friend to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedecam.

A SABBATH IN SCOTLAND.

Grahame.

It is not only in the sacred fane,
That homage should be paid to the Most High;
There is a temple, one not made with hands—

The vaulted firmament : far in the woods,
 Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
 At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
 When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
 Save where the linnet lights upon the spray ;
 When not a flow'ret bends its little stalk,
 Save where the bee alights upon the bloom ;
 There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
 The man of God will pass the Sabbath noon ;
 Silence his praise ; his disembodied thoughts,
 Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
 Beyond the empyrean.—

Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
 The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy,
 In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
 To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
 Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
 Stretch'd on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son ;
 Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
 And wonders why he weeps ; the volume closed,
 With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
 The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
 With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
 Where humble lore is learned, where humble worth
 Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
 Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
 The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
 Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
 Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
 In peace they home resort. O blissful days !
 When all men worship God as conscience wills.
 Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
 A virtuous race, to godliness devote.

* * * * *

They stood prepared to die, a people doomed
 To death ;—old men, and youths, and simple maids,
 With them each day was holy ; but that morn,
 On which the angel said, “ See where the Lord
 Was laid,” joyous arose ; to die that day
 Was bliss. Long ere the dawn, by devious ways

O'er hills, through woods, o'er dreary wastes, they
sought

The upland moors, where rivers, there but brooks,
Dispart to different seas. Fast by such brooks
A little glen is sometimes scooped, a plat
With greensward gay, and flowers that strangers seem,
Amid the heathery wild, that all around
Fatigues the eye: in solitudes like these
Thy persecuted children, Scotia, foiled
A tyrant's and a bigot's bloody laws:
There, leaning on his spear (one of the array,
Whose gleam, in former days, had scathed the rose
On England's banner, and had powerless struck
The' infatuate monarch and his wavering host)
The lyart veteran heard the word of God
By Cameron thundered, or by Renwick poured
In gentle stream; then rose the song, the loud
Acclaim of praise; the wheeling plover ceased
Her plaint; the solitary place was glad:
And on the distant cairns the watcher's ear
Caught doubtfully at times the breeze-borne note.
But years more gloomy followed; and no more
The assembled people dared, in face of day,
To worship God, or even at the dead
Of night, save when the wintry storm raved fierce,
And thunder-peals compelled the men of blood
To couch within their dens; then dauntlessly
The scattered few would meet, in some deep dell
By rocks o'ercanopied, to hear the voice,
Their faithful pastor's voice; he by the gleam
Of sheeted lightning oped the sacred book,
And words of comfort spake: over their souls
His accents soothing came,—as to her young
The heathfowl's plumes, when, at the close of eve
She gathers in, mournful, her brood dispersed
By murderous sport, and o'er the remnant spreads
Fondly her wings; close nestling 'neath her breast,
They, cherished, cower amid the purple blooms.

BEAUTY.

Anderson.

I SAW a dew-drop, cool and clear,
 Dance on a myrtle spray;
 Fair colours deck'd the lucid tear,
 Like those which gleam and disappear
 When showers and sunbeams play :
 Sol cast athwart a glance severe,
 And scorch'd the pearl away.

High on a slender, polished stem,
 A fragrant lily grew :
 On the pure petals many a gem
 Glittered, a native diadem
 Of healthy morning dew :—
 A blast of lingering winter came,
 And snapped the stem in two.

Fairer than morning's early tear,
 Or lily's snowy bloom,
 Is Beauty in its vernal year :
 Gay, brilliant, fascinating, clear,
 And thoughtless of its doom !
 Death breathes a sudden poison near,
 And sweeps it to the tomb !

TIME.

Young.

TIME, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
 Behold him when past by ; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions swifter than the wind ?
 And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast ! cry out at his career.

THE MINSTREL :

OR

THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

Beattie.

[Dr. James Beattie was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the university of Aberdeen. He attained that situation by his talents, having been, during his early years, in great obscurity. The education which, by means of parochial schools, is so universally diffused over Scotland, was enjoyed by him, and turned to good account. Always possessing a predilection for poetry, he cultivated it with an unremitting assiduity. But of all his productions, the “Minstrel” is by far the best, both as to sentiment and versification. When the author was a young man, he published a great many poems, but in his latter years, he abandoned them to oblivion, excepting a very few pieces, at the head of which stands the “Minstrel.” It is supposed that Dr. Beattie has, in this poem, given to the world his history ; and, indeed, his own words, contained in a letter written in 1766, confirm the supposition. “ You are willing, (he says,) to suppose that in Edwin I have only given a picture of myself as I was in my younger days. I confess the supposition is not groundless. I have made him take pleasure and entertain sentiments, similar to those of which, even in my early youth, I had repeated experience. The scenery of a mountainous country, the ocean, the sky, thoughtfulness, and retirement, and sometimes melancholy objects and ideas, had charms in my eye when a school-boy ; and, at a time, when I was so far from being able to express, that I did not understand, my own feelings, or perceive the tendency of such pursuits or amusements. And as to poetry and music, before I was ten years old I could play a little on the violin, and was as much master of Homer and Virgil as Pope’s and Dryden’s translations could make me. As to the stanza, (of the Minstrel,) I was always fond of it, for I think it the most harmonious that ever was contrived. It admits of more variety of pauses than either the coup-

let or the alternate rhyme ; and it concludes with a pomp and majesty of sound, which, to my ear, is wonderfully delightful." This account is plain and simple ; it discovers the taste and feelings of the true poet.

The encomium of the celebrated Lord Lyttleton is singular and very impressive. In a note to Mrs. Montague, his Lordship says, " I read the ' Minstrel' last night with as much rapture as Poetry, in her noblest, sweetest charms, ever raised in my soul. It seemed to me that my once most beloved minstrel Thomson was come down from heaven, refined by the converse of purer spirits than those he lived with here, to let me hear him again describe the beauties of nature, and the finest feelings of virtue, not with human, but with angelic strains ! I beg you to express my gratitude to the poet for the pleasure he has given me. Your eloquence alone can do justice to my sense of his admirable genius, and the excellent use he makes of it. Would it were in my power to do him any service !" Never was there a finer or a more poetical compliment, paid to any human being ; and indeed, the " Minstrel," considered in every point of view, is an exquisite performance. It is to be regretted that so beautiful a poem was never completed. Certain domestic afflictions cast a cloud over the author's latter days ; and he laid aside this and several works, which otherwise he would most assuredly have finished. The present conclusion, however, of the poem, contains an eulogium on his amiable friend Dr. Gregory, author of the " Legacy to his Daughters." It is a very interesting tribute of respect to his memory.]

BOOK I.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar ?
Ah ! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war ;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote hath pin'd alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all.
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
'The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstrep'rous trump of fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
And from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung :
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
With thee, let pageantry and power abide :
The gentle muses haunt the sylvan reign ;
Where thro' wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Tho' richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float :
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
 Nor was perfection made for man below :
 Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
 Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
 With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
 If, bleak and barren, Scotia's hills arise ;
 There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
 Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
 And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent muse
 Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
 Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
 The imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
 Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
 Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?
 No : let thy heaven-taught soul to heaven aspire,
 To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
 Ambition's grov'ling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
 In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
 On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
 Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;
 Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's skreen,
 Ev'n from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
 (The mansion then no more of joy serene)
 Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
 And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
 Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
 The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
 The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields ;
 All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
 And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart;
 For, ah ! it poisons like the scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
 The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.—
 Return, my roving muse, resume thy purpos'd theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I ween, was of the north countrie :*
 A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock :
 His drink the living water from the rock :
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
 And he, tho' oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings, whereso'er
 they went.

From labour health, from health contentment
 springs.

Contentment opes the source of every joy.

* There is hardly an ancient ballad or romance, wherein a minstrel or harper appears, but he is characterized, by way of eminence, to have been "of the North Countrie." It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the north of the Trent. See Percy's "Essay on the English Minstrels."

He envy'd not, he never thought of kings :
 Nor from those appetites sustained annoy,
 Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy ;
 Nor fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd ;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
 And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife ;
 Each season look'd delightful as it past,
 To the fond husband and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd ; secure beneath the storm
 Which in ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are cankered by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold
 Was all the offspring of this humble pair.
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold :
 No prodigy appeared in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth ;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care ;
 The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth ;
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy ;
 Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye ;
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
 Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, tho' shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet blessed the
 lad ;
 Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believ'd
 him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled ;
 Nor car'd to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
 Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head ;
 Or, where the maze of some bewildered stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led ;
 There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
 Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

The exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would bleed
 To work the woe of any living thing.
 By trap or net ; by arrow, or by sling ;
 These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field,
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo ! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
 And sees on high amidst the encircling groves,
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms to
 prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
 And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
 Far to the west the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.— [smile.
 But lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean,

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now
 emboss'd,

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight :
 Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
 The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling shene.
 Ev'n sad vicissitude amus'd his soul :
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

“ O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom ?”
 (The muse interprets thus his tender thought)

“ Your flow'rs, your verdure, and your balmy
 gloom,

Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
 To all your bow'rs, their mansions now forsake ?

Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ?

For now the storm howls mournful through the
 brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
 crown'd !

Ah ! see the unsightly slime and sluggish pool

Have all the solitary vale embrown'd ;

Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray ;

And hark, the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

“ Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
So flourishes and fades majestic Man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene ! ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, tho' silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn.
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed ?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed ;
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

“ Shall I be left abandoned in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flow'r revive !
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live ?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?—
No ; Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive ;
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright thro' the eternal year of Love's triumphant
reign.”

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught ;
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew ;
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue. [view,
“ Let man's own sphere,” quoth he, “ confine his

Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

"And, from the pray'r of want, and plaint of woe,
 O never, never turn away thine ear,
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah ! what were man, should heaven refuse to hear?
 To others do, (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land ; nor those alone :
 All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
 own."

See in the rear of the warm sunny show'r,
 The visionary boy for shelter fly !
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
 And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky !
 And lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun ;
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
 How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
 Perish the love that deadens young desire !
 Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire :
 Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
 Lingered and listening, wandered down the vale.

There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale ;
And ghosts, that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dy'd,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep ;
And there let fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep,
Shrill to his ringing ear ; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazoned arch
Arose ; the trumpet bids the valves unfold,
And forth a host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire ;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along : with many-coloured rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer ! who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill ;

O to thy cursed stream, discordant still,
 Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear ;
 Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
 Insult thy crest, thy glossy pinions tear,
 And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse ; let love attune thy line.
 Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
 For how should he at wicked chance repine,
 Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
 Ev'n now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders thro' the scenes of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy on every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain side ;
 The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
 The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark ;
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings ;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
 rings ;
 Thro' rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour ;
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial bower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
 Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
 O for the voice and fire of seraphim,

To sing thy glories with devotion due !
 Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
 From Pyrro's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
 And held high converse with the godlike few,
 Who to the enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
 Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupify the mind !
 Sophists ! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
 Greedy and fell, tho' impotent and blind,
 Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
 And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
 Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
 First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should
 deign
 (Tho' loath on theme so mean to waste a rhyme,)
 With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
 Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
 Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
 Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
 O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
 Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
 Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth ;
 For well I know, wherever ye reside,
 There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

Ah me ! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
 As yet poor Edwin never knew your love,
 Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
 And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
 Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
 Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
 Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
 Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart !
 Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale !
 And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd ;

Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade ;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves the unutterable trade,
 'Midst fiends and spectres quench the moon in
 blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride the infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,—
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone ?
 For sure if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latent times shall tender souls bemoan
 Those helpless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
 'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie ;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry ;
 " For from the town the man returns no more."
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shall soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
 " But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
 And innocence thus die by doom severe ?"
 O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
 The' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
 Dark, even at noontide, is our mortal sphere ;
 But let us hope—to doubt is to rebel,—
 Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs, by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all who pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage,
Exclaim, that nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend !
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend,
Wide thro' unnumber'd worlds, and ages without end !

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Thro' the dark medium of life's feverish dream,
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years ;
For nature gave his strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Thro' microscope of metaphysic lore ;
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth,
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device,
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceased to rave,
He roamed the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from the' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along the' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More mildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heav'n's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind,
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly.
To the pure soul, by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah! what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melan-
choly!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
 Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !
 Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
 Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's robe of cobweb he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or mourn,
 And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
 swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;
 Song was his favorite and his first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
 His infant muse, tho' artless, was not mute :
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare ;
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful or new,
 Sublime or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, tho' long by penury control'd
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern caves the storms are bound ;
 From silent mountains, straight with startling
 sound,
 Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flow'rs are crown'd ;

Pure rills thro' vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
flow.*

Here pause, my Gothic lyre, a little while ;
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim ;
But if ***** on this labour smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
And his applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords his taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind, [kind.
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-

BOOK II.

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
Else shall he never, never cease to wail :
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls, wide continents have
bloom'd.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet at the darkened eye, the withered face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers. *Scheffer's History of Lapland*, p. 16.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful ev'ry tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

“ Perish the lore that deadens young desire,”
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though lov'd of heaven, must not aspire
To bliss which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;
But now and then the shades of life explore,
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows :
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bow'r,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But, ah ! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks ! superior to the pow'r
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tow'r,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trod ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retir'd abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene ;
 For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
 Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green ;
 Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell ;
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
 Whose long, long groves eternal murmurs made ;
 And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, thro' the cliffs, the eye remote survey'd
 Blue hills, and glitt'ring waves, and skies in gold
 array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parting fragments, tumbling from on high ;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noon-day beam,
 Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
 Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;—
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole :

“ Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
 And woo the weary to profound repose ;
 Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 And whisper comfort to the man of woes ?
 Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
 And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
 springs.

" Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
 Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :
 To friends, attendants, armies bought with hire ?
 It is thy weakness that requires their aid :
 To palaces with gold and gems inlay'd ?
 They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :—
 To hosts thro' carnage who to conquest wade ?
 Behold, the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
 Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform.

" True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below,
 Who, every hope and fear to Heav'n resign'd,
 Shrinks not, tho' fortune aim her deadliest blow."
 —This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;
 And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;
 (While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood,)
 " Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good !
 Ye only can engage the servile brood
 Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
 Asham'd of truth and liberty, have woo'd
 And hugg'd the chain, that glittering on their gaze,
 Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal
 blaze.

" Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 And fawn'd and smiled, to plunder and betray,
 Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while ;
 So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file :
 But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue,
 Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
 Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue ?
 Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view.

“ The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment all o’erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with heav’n shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amass’d,
And if no future age shall bear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune’s blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

“ The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possess’d,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease ?
Ah ! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

“ Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down ;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain’s murmuring wave ;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on the grave.

“ And thither let the village swain repair ;
And light of heart the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd’s pipe the livelong day,
Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching woe ;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go,
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall know.

"For though I fly to 'scape from fortune's rage,
 And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
 Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn :
 For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
 O Man, creation's pride, heav'n's darling child,
 Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
 Why from thy home are truth and joy exil'd,
 And all thy fav'rite haunts with blood and tears
 defil'd !

" Along yon glittering sky what glory streams !
 What majesty attends night's lovely queen !
 Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams ;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 But, in the mental world, what chaos drear !
 What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien !
 O when shall that Eternal Morn appear, [clear !
 These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to

" O Thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from the abyss ; when dark Confusion driv'n
 Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
 Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight !
 O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the
 way."

Silence ensued : and Edwin rais'd his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart :
 " And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
 " That man to man acts a betrayer's part ?
 And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
 Each social instinct, and sublime desire ?—
 Hail Poverty ! if honour, wealth, and art,
 If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire !"

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the sage
 O'erhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
 The youth, his rising sorrows to assuage,
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd :
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void ;
 The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills ;
 Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew,
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,
 Nor durst he hope the hermit's tale untrue;
 For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
 And none speaks false, when there is none to hear.
 " Yet can man's gentle heart become so fell ?
 No more in vain conjecture let me wear
 My life away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;
 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel ! "

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
 Then reach'd the wild ; where in a flowery nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
 An ancient man : his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, licked the withered hand that tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
 And hung his lofty neck with many a flow'ret small.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching ; innocence
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 " Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from
 whence ?
 Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale ? "
 " A shepherd-boy," the youth replied, " far hence
 My habitation : hear my artless tale ;
 Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

“ Late as I roamed, intent on Nature’s charms,
 I reach’d at eve this wilderness profound;
 And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
 (For in thy speech I recognize the sound)
 You mourn’d for ruin’d man, and virtue lost,
 And seem’d to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 Pondering on former days, by guilt engross’d,
 Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss’d.

“ But say, in courtly life can craft be learn’d,
 Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul?
 Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn’d,
 Can selfishness the liberal heart control?
 Is glory there achiev’d by arts as foul
 As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan?
 Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl;
 Love is the godlike attribute of man;
 O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan!

“ Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 And give me back the calm, contented mind;
 Which, late exulting view’d in nature’s frame,
 Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin’d,
 Grace, grandeur, and utility combin’d.
 Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 Well pleased with all, but most with human kind;
 When Fancy roam’d thro’ Nature’s works at will,
 Uncheck’d by cold distrust, and uninform’d of ill.”

“ Wouldst thou,” the sage replied, “ in peace
 return
 To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
 Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 From every gentle ear the dreadful truth:
 For if my desultory strain with ruth
 And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
 Alas! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
 Shouldst thou the extent of human folly know?
 Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

" But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
 Nor venture to arraign the dread decree :
 For know, to man, as candidate for heaven,
 The voice of the Eternal said, *Be free* :
 And this Divine prerogative to thee
 Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
 For virtue is the child of liberty,
 And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
 Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

" Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
 And in thy converse I shall find relief,
 When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;
 For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and pain :
 Come often then ; for haply in my bower,
 Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou mayst gain
 If I one soul improve, I have not liv'd in vain."

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few, alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Here chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage ;
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness
 burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
 But lo ! ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp the abandon'd urn.

" Ah ! what avails," he said, " to trace the springs
 That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
 Ah ! what have I to do with conquering kings,
 Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt with
 steel !
 To those whom nature taught to think and feel,
 Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern.
 Could history man's secret heart reveal,

And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not
yearn!

“ This praise, O Cheronean sage,* is thine.
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong ?)
All else from nature’s moral path decline,
Lur’d by the toys that captivate the throng ;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood o’er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

“ O who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnam’d of gold)
The age of love, and innocence, and joy.
When all were great and free ? Man’s sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
Or toward the bower the murmuring stream decoy,
To aid the floweret’s long expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
mirth.

“ Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, and his heart content.
Then, hand in hand, health, sport, and labour went.
Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.
None prowl’d for prey, none watch’d to circumvent.
To all an equal lot heaven’s bounty gave :
No vassal fear’d his lord, no tyrant fear’d his slave.

“ But ah ! the historic muse has never dar’d
To pierce those hallow’d bowers : ’tis fancy’s beam

* Plutarch.

Pour'd on the vision of the enraptured bard,
 That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
 Then hail, sweet fancy's ray ! and hail the dream
 That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !
 Careless what others of my choice may deem,
 I long where love and fancy lead to go,
 And meditate on heaven ; enough of earth I know."

" I cannot blame thy choice," the sage replied,
 " For soft and smooth are fancy's flowery ways.
 And yet, even there, if left without a guide,
 The young adventurer unsafely plays.
 Eyes dazzled long in fiction's gaudy rays
 In modest truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
 That soon must fail, and leave the wand'rer blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had shin'd?

" Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
 And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Assail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart and dizzy brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
 mortal pain.

" And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar'd,
 Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide experience, and truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have far'd :
 Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?
 Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
 How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
 to bear.

“ What charms the historic muse adorn, from
 spoils,
 And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her flight
 To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils,
 Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
 And peace, thro’ every age divinely bright,
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind :
 Sees yonder sun, from his meridian height,
 A lovelier scene, than virtue thus enshrined
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid com-
 bin’d ?

“ Hail, sacred polity, by freedom rear’d ?
 Hail, sacred freedom, when by law restrain’d !
 Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain’d ;
 Sublim’d by you, the Greek and Roman reign’d
 In arts unrivalled : O to latest days,
 In Albion may your influence unprofan’d
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s lays !

“ But now let other themes our care engage.
 For lo ! with modest, yet majestic grace,
 To curb imagination’s lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish’d heart to brace,
 Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By indolence and moping fancy bred,
 Fear, discontent, solicitude, give place,
 And hope and courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

“ Then waken from long lethargy to life*
 The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;

* The influence of the philanthropic spirit in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion, and delicate pleasure ;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the system of the universe ;—in banishing superstition ;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science ;—from this stanza to the end of the second stanza in p. 40.

Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies control,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phœbus to the world, is science to the soul.

“ And reason now, thro’ number, time, and space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high ?
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm’d with tears,
Such glory bear ?—for lo ! the shadows fly
From Nature’s face ; confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

“ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit’s yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

“ Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn’d with the’ eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo ! with dim eyes that never learn’d to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish’d native craves
Of heaven his wretched fare : shivering in caves,
Or scorched on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
But science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

“ And even where nature loads the teeming plain
With the full pomp of vegetable store,

Her bounty, unimprov'd, is deadly bane :
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to shore
 Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
 Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood ;
 For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and streams from every
 flood.

“ ’Twas from philosophy man learned to tame
 The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo ! from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
 Poison, and plague, and yelling rage are fled,
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale ;
 And from the breezy main and mountain's head
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering gale.

“ What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude, require ;
 Of foes intestine, what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire !
 Yet science can elude their fatal ire
 Awhile, and turn aside death's levelled dart,
 Soothe the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

“ Nor less to regulate man's mortal frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to indolence and spleen a prey,
 Or avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the lips
 of love.

" What cannot art and industry perform,
 When science plans the progress of their toil ?
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
 When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep vers'd in man, the philosophic sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to assuage.

" 'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explor'd, a nation's various powers can bind,
 And various orders, in one form sublime
 Of polity, that, 'midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 The assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And industry and law maintain their sway severe."

Enraptured by the hermit's tale the youth
 Proceeds the path of science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses : fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinions thro' the skies ;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan ;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,
 He meditates new arts on nature's plan,
 The cold desponding breast of sloth to warm,
 The flame of industry and genius fan,
 And emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of toil and solitude to charm.

But she who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings shared,
 And bless'd, the muse, and her celestial art,
 Still claims the enthusiast's fond and first regard.
 From Nature's beauties, variously compar'd,
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the bard,
 While boundless hopes and boundless views inflame,
 Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, tho' pompous show,
 Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface
 Thro' ardour to adorn; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where ornament the second place
 Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace
 Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
 And clears the ambiguous phrase, and lops the un-
 wieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
 His deep majestic melody 'gan roll:
 Fain would I sing what transport storm'd his soul,
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond control,
 Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
 Homer rais'd high to heav'n the loud, the impetuous
 song.

And now his lyre, tho' rude his first essays,
 Now skill'd to soothe, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will thro' each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain.
 I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain,
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—

* Virgil.

With trembling step, to join yon weeping train
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of death
 resound.

Adieu, ye lays, that fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind!—*
 He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
 My theme!—To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu !

Art thou, my GREGORY, for ever fled ?
 And am I left to unavailing woe ?
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely snow,
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go ?
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers :
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.
 'Tis meet that I should mourn : flow forth afresh my
 tears.

GRADUAL DAY, OFF PALERMO.

Anonymous.

From out the purple portals of the East
 Peers the first dawn of day upon the world,
 With dim uncertain light. Huge clouds still warp
 The base of fiery Strombolo,—and—Night,
 With her black waving pennons lingers yet
 Far in the western hemisphere—long trains

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

Of tremulous mist curtain the deep blue breast
Of Adria's waveless ocean ; some repose,
In folds fantastically graceful, on
The glassy waters ;—others slowly wind
Their way in silvery circuitings to heaven,
And, as in mockery of the glance that strives
To trace their airy wanderings,—dissolve,
Invisibly, whilst yet the gazer's eye
Strains its intensest nerves.—Light breaks,
With giant stride upon the earth, and breathes
The breath of life into the pulseless veins
Of slumber-locked creation. Yon white clouds—
That seem to rise like mountains from the sea,
Garbed with untrodden snows, suddenly grow
Radiant with streaks of gold :—a deeper blush
Of crimson now pervades them, and the sun,
Lifting his orb above the wave, looks out
In glory on the world.

Nature around,
Hath wakened from her trance, and shaking off
The night dews from her beauty, stands revealed
In rainbow tinted loveliness to man !

COLUMBUS' FIRST VIEW OF AMERICA.

Joanna Baillie.

It was a land, unmarred by art,
To please the eye and cheer the heart :
The native's simple huts were seen
Peeping their palmy groves between,—
Groves, where each dome of sweepy leaves
In air of morning gently heaves,
And, as the deep vans fall and rise,
Changes its richly verdant dyes ;
A land whose simple sons till now
Had scarcely seen a careful brow ;
They spent at will each passing day
In lightsome toil or active play.

Some their light canoes were guiding,
 Along the shore's sweet margin gliding.—
 Some in the sunny sea were swimming, [ing;
 The bright waves o'er their dark forms gleam—
 Some on the beach for shellfish stooping,
 Or on the smooth sand gaily trooping;
 Or in link'd circles featly dancing
 With golden braid and bracelet glancing.—
 By shelter'd door were infants creeping,
 Or on the shaded herbage sleeping;
 Gay feather'd birds the air were winging,
 And parrots on their high perch swinging,
 While humming birds like sparks of light,
 Twinkled and vanish'd from the sight.

ODE TO MIDNIGHT.

H. K. White.

SEASON of general rest, whose solemn still
 Strikes to the trembling heart a fearful chill,
 But speaks to philosophic souls delight,
 Thee do I hail, as at my casement high
 My candle waning melancholy by,
 I sit and taste the holy calm of night.

Yon pensive orb, that through the ether sails,
 And gilds the misty shadows of the vales,
 Hanging in thy dull rear her vestal flame,
 To her, while all around in sleep recline,
 Wakeful I raise my orisons divine,
 And sing the gentle honours of her name;

While Fancy lone o'er me her votary bends,
 To lift my soul her fairy visions sends,
 And pours upon my ear her thrilling song,

And Superstition's gentle terrors come,
See, see yon dim ghost gliding through the gloom !
See round yon church-yard elm what spectres
throng !

Meanwhile I tune, to some romantic lay,
My flageolet—and, as I pensive play,
The sweet notes echo o'er the mountain scene :
The traveller late journeying o'er the moors
Hears them aghast,—(while still the dull Owl pours
Her hollow screams each dreary pause between,)

Till in the lonely tower he spies the light
Now faintly flashing on the glooms of night,
Where I, poor muser, my lone vigils keep,
And, 'mid the dreary solitude serene,
Cast a much meaning glance upon the scene,
And raise my mournful eye to Heaven and weep.

DESCRIPTION OF HOPE.

Byron.

'TWAS thus Fatima's aching heart
Was pierced by anguish' barbed dart ;
Till Hope, with gay, delusive mien,
Came bounding o'er the dreary scene.
Sweet flow'rets sprang where'er she trod
Spontaneous from the bright green sod ;
And as she swept along, the gale
Breath'd heaven's own fragrance thro' the vale,
As light it kiss'd each opening flower
That bloom'd round many a magic bower.
A feathery plume of brilliant dyes,
Stolen from the bird of Paradise,
Waved lightly o'er her golden hair
That floated in the ambient air.
The mantle of this Friend of Love
Was of a morning vapour wove,

Whose fragile texture shunn'd the ray
 That Mithra darts in open day.
 Of light was formed her bosom vest—
 A silver cloud conceal'd the rest,
 Which ever round the maid expands
To hide the spot on which she stands.

ON THE LAST DAY OF SUMMER.

Thurlow.

Now Summer has one foot from out the world,
 Her golden mantle floating in the air ;
 And her love-darting eyes are backward hurl'd,
 To bid adieu to this creation fair :
 A flight of swallows circles her before,
 And Zephyrus, her jolly harbinger,
 Already is a-wing to Heaven's door,
 Whereat the Muses are expecting her ;
 And the three Graces, in their heav'nly ring,
 Are dancing with delicious harmony ;
 And Hebe doth her flowery chalice bring,
 To sprinkle nectar on their melody :
 Jove laughs, to see his angel, Summer, come,
 Warbling his praise, to her immortal home.

THE LAST MAN.

T. Campbell.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
 The sun himself must die,
 Before this mortal shall assume
 Its Immortality !
 I saw a vision in my sleep,
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time !
 I saw the last of human mould,
 That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man !
Some had expir'd in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands ;
In plague and famine some !
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears.
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;
And arts that made fire, flood and earth,
The vassals of his will ;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day :
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack

Of pain anew to writhe ;
 Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
 Or mown in battle by the sword,
 Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
 To watch thy fading fire ;
 Test of all sumless agonies,
 Behold not me expire.
 My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
 Their rounded grasp and gurgling breath
 To see thou shalt not boast,
 The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
 The majesty of Darkness shall
 Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
 That gave its heavenly spark !
 Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
 When thou thyself art dark !
 No ! it shall live again, and shine
 In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
 By Him recall'd to breath,
 Who captive led captivity,
 Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—
 And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
 On Nature's awful waste
 To drink this last and bitter cup
 Of grief that man shall taste—
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The dark'ning universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God !

DEATH.

Barry Cornwall.

GONE from her cheek is the summer-bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume,
And the gloss has dropped from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality ;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obeyed her in height of her power,
But left her all in her wintry hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh ;
And this is man's fidelity.

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and smile, and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

REMEMBERED GRIEFS.

Byron.

EXISTENCE may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode,
In bare and desolate bosoms. Mute
The camel labours with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence. Not bestowed
In vain, should such examples be. If they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay,
May temper it to bear. It is but for a day.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroy'd,
 Ev'n by the sufferer ; and in each event,
 Ends. Some, with hope replenish'd and rebuoy'd,
 Return to whence they came with like intent,
 And weave their web again. Some bow'd and bent,
 Wax grey and ghastly, with'ring ere their time,
 And perish with the reed on which they leant.
 Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
 According as their souls were formed to sink or climb.

But ever and anon, of grief subdued,
 There comes a token, like a scorpion's sting,
 Scarce seen but with fresh bitterness imbued.
 And slight withal may be the things which bring
 Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
 Aside for ever. It may be a sound,
 A tone of music, summer's eve, or spring,
 A flower, the wind, the ocean, which shall wound,
 Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly
 bound.

And how and why we know not, nor can trace
 Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind,
 But feel the shock renew'd, nor can efface
 The blight and blackening which it leaves behind ;
 Which out of things familiar, undesigned,
 When least we deem of such, calls up to view
 The spectres whom no exorcism can bind,
 The cold—the changed—perchance the dead, anew,
 The mourn'd—the lov'd—the lost, too many, yet
 how few !

COLIN AND LUCY.

Tickell.

[Thomas Tickell was born in 1686, at Bridekirk, in Cumberland ;
 and in April, 1701, became a member of Queen's College, Ox-
 ford ; in 1708 he was made Master of Arts, and two years after-

wards was chosen Fellow ; for which, as he did not comply with the statutes by taking orders, he obtained a dispensation from the crown. He held his fellowship till 1726, and then vacated it by marrying in that year at Dublin.

Tickell was not one of those scholars who wear away their lives in closets ; he entered early into the world, and was long busy in public affairs ; in which he was initiated under the patronage of Addison, who, when he went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, took him thither, and employed him in public business ; and when, in 1717, he rose to be Secretary of State, made him under-secretary. Their friendship continued without abatement ; and when Addison died, he left him the charge of publishing his works. He was afterwards (about 1725) made secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, a place of great honour ; in which he continued till 1740, when he died, on the twenty-third of April, at Bath.

The poetical incident of most importance in Tickell's life was his publication of the first book of the *Iliad*, as translated by himself, which made its entrance into the world at the same time with the first part of Pope's *Homer*, and was declared by Addison to be the best version that ever was made, though the palm is now given universally to Pope. He was also one of the contributors to the *Spectator*.]

OF Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face ;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair !
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains beware !

Three times all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring,
And, shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

'Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die ;—
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah, Colin ! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid ! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid ! and know, false man !
That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.”

She spoke ; she died. Her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts ?
How were the nuptials kept ?
The bridesmen flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook—he groan'd—he fell !

From the vain bride, ah ! bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at his grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen ;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forlorn ! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

THE INSPIRATION OF LOVE.

Moore.

OH ! there are looks and tones that dart
 An instant sunshine through the heart ;
 As if the soul that minute caught
 Some treasure it through life had sought,
 As if the very lips and eyes,
 Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
 And never be forgot again,
 Sparkled and spoke before us then.

THE THAMES.

Denham.

My eye descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays ;
 Thames ! the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons
 By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :
 His genuine and less guilty wealth to' explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring :
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil ;
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common as the sea and wind ;

When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme ;
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

Shelley.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep !
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue ;
The other, rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world :
Yet both so passing wonderful !

DREAMS.

Dryden.

DREAMS are but interludes which fancy makes ;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes ;
Compounds a medley of disjointed things,—
A court of coblers and a mob of kings ;
Light fumes are merry, grosser fumes are sad,
Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

Sometimes forgotten things, long cast behind,
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.
 The muse's legends are for truths receiv'd,
 And the man's dreams but what the boy believ'd.
 Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
 The night restores our actions done by day ;
 As hounds in sleep will open for their prey :
 In short, the farce of dreams is of a piece,
 Chimeras all, and more absurd or less.

POESY.

C'are.

O! I have been thy lover long,
 Soul-soothing Poesy ;
 If 'twas not thou inspired the song,
 I still owe much to thee :
 And still I feel thy cheering balm
 Thy heavenly smiles supply,
 That keeps my struggling bosom calm
 When life's rude storms are high.

O! in that sweet romance of life,
 I loved thee, when a boy,
 And ever felt thy gentle strife
 Awake each little joy :
 To thee was urged each nameless song,
 Soul-soothing Poesy ;
 And as my hopes wax'd warm and strong,
 My love was more for thee.

'Twas thou and Nature bound, and smiled,
 Rude garlands round my brow,—
 Those dreams that pleased me when a child,
 Those hopes that warm me now.
 Each year with brighter blooms return'd,
 Gay visions danced along,
 And, at the sight, my bosom burn'd,
 And kindled into song.

Springs came not, as they yearly come
To low and vulgar eyes,
With here and there a flower in bloom,
Green trees, and brighter skies ;
Thy fancies flush'd my boyish sight,
And gilt its earliest hours ;
And Spring came wrapt in beauty's light,
An angel dropping flowers.

O, I have been thy lover long,
Soul-soothing Poesy ;
And sung to thee each simple song,
With witching ecstasy,
Of flowers, and things that claim'd from thee
Of life an equal share,
And whisper'd soft their tales to me
Of pleasure or of care.

With thee, life's errand all perform,
And feel its joy and pain ;
Flowers shrink, like me, from blighting storm,
And hope for suns again :
The bladed grass, the flower, the leaf,
Companions seem to be,
That tell their tales of joy and grief,
And think and feel with me.

A spirit speaks in every wind,
And gives the storm its wings ;
With thee all nature owns a mind,
And stones are living things ;
The simplest weed the summer gives
Smiles on her as a mother,
And through the little day it lives,
Owns sister, friend, and brother.

O Poesy, thou heavenly flower,
Though mine a weed may be,
Life feels a sympathising power,
And wakes inspired with thee ;

Thy glowing soul's enraptured dreams
 To all a beauty give,
 While thy impassioned warmth esteems
 The meanest things that live.

Objects of water, earth, or air,
 Are pleasing to thy sight ;
 All live thy sunny smiles to share,
 Increasing thy delight ;
 All Nature in thy presence lives
 With new creative claims,
 And life to all thy fancy gives,
 That were but shades and names.

Though cheering praise and cold disdain
 My humble songs have met,
 To visit thee I can't refrain,
 Or cease to know thee yet ;
 Though simple weeds are all I bring,
 Soul-soothing Poesy,
 They share the sunny smiles of Spring,
 Nor are they scorn'd by thee.

ODE TO TIME.

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE RUINS OF AN OLD
 CASTLE.

Ogilvie.

O THOU, who 'mid the world-involving gloom,
 Sitt'st on yon solitary spire !
 Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
 Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre ;
 Say, when thy musing soul
 Bids distant times unrol,
 And marks the flight of each revolving year,
 Of years, whose slow-consuming power
 Has clad with moss yon leaning tower,

That saw the race of glory run,
 That marked ambition's setting sun,
 That shook old empire's tow'ring pride,
 That swept them down the fluctuating tide—
 Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
 Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wandering eye :
 Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
 Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
 O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
 Once bore the branching wood
 That o'er yon murmuring flood
 Hung wildly-waving to the rustling gale ;
 The naked heath, with moss o'ergrown,
 That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
 Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
 Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flower ;
 Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
 When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
 All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
 And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

Ye wilds, where heaven-rapt fancy roves !
 Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves !
 Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells !
 Ye caves where night-bred silence dwells !
 Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
 Lightly glance along the wall ;
 Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
 At the silent midnight hour,
 Stand array'd in spotless white,
 And stain the dusky robe of night :
 Or with slow solemn pauses roam
 O'er the long-sounding hollow dome !
 Say, 'mid yon desert, solitary round,
 When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
 Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound,
 On Night's dull serious ear rebound, [years.
 That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming

O call the' inspiring glorious hour to view,
 When Caledonia's martial train,
 From yon steep rock's high-arching brow,
 Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane !
 When war's blood-tinctur'd spear
 Hung o'er the trembling rear,
 When light-heel'd terror wing'd their headlong flight :
 Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms !
 Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms !
 While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
 Bold Vict'ry flam'd with eyes of fire ;
 Her limbs celestial robes enfold,
 Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
 She spoke : her words infus'd resistless might,
 And warm'd the bounding heart, and roused the soul
 of fight.

But ah ! what hand the smiling prospect brings :
 What voice recalls the' expiring day ?
 See, darting swift on eagle's wings,
 The glancing moment bursts away !
 So from some mountain's head,
 In mantling gold array'd,
 While bright-eyed fancy stands in sweet surprise :
 The vale where musing quiet treads,
 The flow'r-clad lawns, and bloomy meads,
 Or streams, where zephyr loves to stray,
 Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray ;
 Or waving woods detain the sight—
 When from the gloomy cave of night
 Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies,
 And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and swims,
 and dies.

Lo ! rising from yon dreary tomb,
 What spectres stalk across the gloom !
 With haggard eyes and visage pale,
 And voice that moans with feeble wail !
 O'er yon long-resounding plain
 Slowly moves the solemn train ;

Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
 O'er the bones that rest below !
 While the dull night's startled ear
 Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear !
 Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
 And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon !
 Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
 Ere death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
 Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
 Beheld the trembling swains obey,
 And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump
 of fame.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh ?
 Feels not each shrub the tempest's power ?
 Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly ?
 Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar ?
 Lo ! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
 What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
 What tumbling chaos marks the waste of time !
 I see Palmira's temples fall ;
 Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall !
 Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
 Yon aisle, where moan's the grey-eyed owl,
 Shows the proud Persian's great abode ;*
 Where sceptred once, an earthly god !
 His pow'r-clad arm control'd each happier clime,
 Where sports the warbling muse, and fancy soars
 sublime.

Hark ! what dire sound rolls murmuring on the gale ?
 Ah ! what soul-thrilling scene appears ?
 I see the column'd arches fail !
 And structures hoar, the boast of years !
 What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
 Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
 Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful brow !

* Persepolis.

Sad monument!—Ambition near
 Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear ;
 Pale honour drops the flutt'ring plume,
 And conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb ;
 Slow patience sits, with eye deprest,
 And courage beats his sobbing breast ;
 Ev'n war's red cheek the gushing streams o'erflow,
 And fancy's listening ear attends the plaint of woe.

Lo ! on yon pyramid sublime,
 Where lies old Egypt's desert clime,
 Bleak, naked, wild ! where ruin low'rs,
 'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs,
 On the steep height, waste and bare,
 Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair !
 O'er his scythe he bends ; his hand
 Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
 While the hours, in airy ring,
 Lightly flit, with downy wing,
 And sap the works of man ; and shade
 With silver'd locks his furrowed head ;
 Thence rolls the mighty power his broad survey,
 And seals the nation's awful doom :
 He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray ;
 He yields to joy the festive day ;
 Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them
 for the tomb.

MORNING.

Horatio Smith.

HARK ! how the branches of the trees
 Rustle in the morning-breeze.
 Wave, wave your jocund heads on high,
 Dance to the music of the sky,
 For the sun has given warning
 Of a bright and balmy morning.

As the climbing sailor-boy
First sees land, and shouts for joy,
So the lark from airy height
Catches first, and hails the light,
Piping up the feathered races,
Nestling still in leafy places.
Yellow-cups and daisies press'd,
Where the cow has lain to rest,
By the sun recover'd slowly,
Struggle from their posture lowly ;
While the wild-flow'rs, which the field
Or the sheltered hedges yield,
Peeping from their hiding-places,
Show their vari-coloured faces ;
Cowslips, primroses, and lilies,
Violets and daffodillies,
And infant buds of every hue,
All baptized in glittering dew.
Yonder is a girl who lingers
Where wild honeysuckle grows
Mingling with the briar rose,
And with eager outstretched fingers,
Tiptoe standing, vainly tries
To reach the hedge-enveloped prize ;
But the school-bell on the wind
Sounding, warns her to be gone,
And she slowly saunters on,
Looking wistfully behind.
Air exults, and earth rejoices
In a thousand mingled voices.
As he plies his busy wings
The buzzing bee incessant sings
Or in hare-bells hid, or clover,
Silently purloins their sweets,
When the honey-laden rover
Sings again as he retreats.
Lowling oxen, bleating lambs,
Answered by their list'ning dams ;
Chanticleer's resounding throat,
And the cuckoo's double note,

And the sheep-bells' tinkling tattle,
And the runnel's gurgling rattle,
Mixing all in tuneful glee,
Form the morning harmony.

SMILES.

Mrs. Henry Rolls.

WHAT is that smile that o'er the cheek
Of artless blooming childhood strays ;
That revels in the dimple sleek—
That charms the mother's tender gaze ?

'Tis the bright sun of April's morn,
That rises with unsullied ray ;
Nor marks the clouds, that swift are borne
To wrap in shades the future day !

What is that soft, that languid smile,
That mingles with a tender sigh ;
Light spreads the timid blush the while,
And sweetly sinks the melting eye ?

'Tis the bright dew-drop on the rose,
Sweet remnant of the early shower,
That will its ripen'd leaves uncloze,
And to full fragrance spread the flower !

What is that smile, whose rapturous glow
Passion's impetuous breath inspires,
Whilst Pleasure's gaudy blossoms blow,
And the eye beams with guilty fires ?

'Tis the volcano's baleful blaze,
That pours around a fatal light ;
Whose victim dies that stops to gaze ;
Whence safety is but found in flight !

What is that sad, that transient smile,
That dawns upon the lip of woe ;
That checks the deep-drawn sigh awhile,
And stays the tear that starts to flow ?

'Tis but a veil cast o'er the heart,
When youth's gay dreams have pass'd away ;
When joy's faint ling'ring rays depart,
And the last gleams of hope decay !

What is that bright, that fearful smile,
Quick flashing o'er the brow of care ;
When fades each fruit of mental toil,
And nought remains to check despair ?

'Tis the wild lurid lightning's gleam,
Swift bursting from a stormy cloud ;
That spreads a bright destructive beam,
Then sinks into its sable shroud !

What is that smile, calm, fix'd at last,
On the hoar brow of reverend age,
When the world's changing scenes are past,
And nearly clos'd life's varied page ?

'Tis the rich glowing western beam,
Bright spreading o'er the dark'ning skies ;
That shows, by its mild parting gleam,
A cloudless, heavenly morn shall rise !

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Byron.

I SEE before me the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his head. His manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;

And thro' his side the last drops ebbing slow
 From the red gash fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-show'r. And now
 The arena swims around him. He is gone,
 Ere ceas'd the' inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize ;
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play ;
 There was their Dacian mother, he their sire
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rush'd with his blood. Shall he expire,
 And unaveng'd ? Arise ye Goths, and glut your ire !

AN

EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Shaw.

SWEET bird ! that kindly perching near,
 Pour'st thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
 The melancholy haunts of woe,
 Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain :—
 For surely thou hast known to prove,
 Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
 Else why so feelingly complain,
 And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove ?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 That oft enamoured on thy strains has hung ?
 Or has the cruel hand of fate
 Bereft thee of thy darling young ?
 Alas ! for both I weep——
 In all the pride of youthful charms,
 A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms !

A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years !
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that science could devise,
Alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
Then O ! our comforts be the same
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas ! to thee complain !
To thee—unconscious of my pain !
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year :
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :
But O for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I court my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes ?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose :
O what delusion did thy tongue employ !
“ That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy ! ”
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptured on its angel face,
My soul the maze of fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms !

And O, what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd !
 How did I rave of blessings yet in store !
 Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
 And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could
 utter more.——

“ Just heaven, I cried ”—with recent hopes elate,
 “ Yet I will live—will live, though Emma's dead.
 So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
 Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head !
 My little Emma, now my all,
 Will want a father's care,
 Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
 And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear :
 And oft together we'll complain,
 Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
 From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
 And prattle tales of woe ;
 And O in that auspicious hour,
 When fate resigns her persecuting power,
 With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 No more to weep—my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 When death gives misery repose,
 And opes a glorious passage to the skies.”

Vain thought ! it must not be—she too is dead—
 The flattering scene is o'er,—
 My hopes for ever—ever fled—
 And vengeance can no more—
 Crushed by misfortune—blasted by disease—
 And none—none left to bear a friendly part !
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart !
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
 With lenient hand (O ! falsely deem'd severe)
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up every tear :
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But, ah ! from my affections far remov'd !
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if I ne'er had been belov'd ;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touched the trembling lyre ;
 As if my niggard hand had ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet—while this weary life shall last,
 While yet my tongue can form the' impassioned
 strain,
 In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
 For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
 The tale of misery to impart !
 From other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
 Even he,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
 And pay my pensive muse he tribute of a tear,

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Fergusson.

[Robert Fergusson, a man distinguished alike by the errors and misfortunes of his life, and the strength and originality of his genius, was born at Edinburgh, September 5, 1751 ; after receiving a classical education at the high school of Edinburgh, and at the grammar school of Dundee, he proceeded to St. Andrew's as a student of divinity, having obtained a bursary at that university. Here his poetical talents first displayed themselves in some satirical pieces on the professors, and on several local subjects. When the term of his bursary expired, he found it necessary to relinquish his clerical studies, in order to obtain some more immediate means of subsistence ; to which he was farther induced by filial duty, being anxious to assist his mother (his father having died early,) for whom he felt the most tender affection. Various plans were suggested, which, alas ! proved abor-

* Lord Lyttleton.

tive. After waiting some months in fruitless expectation of receiving some assistance from a wealthy but unfeeling relation, he obtained a subordinate situation in a public office. About this time he became a regular contributor to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, and his pieces excited a considerable degree of attention, though they afforded him little pecuniary aid. His mind was completely imbued with the love of rhyme; every circumstance that occurred suggested a poem, but his associates being chiefly the young and the gay, whose greatest enjoyment is the convivial party, the living spirit of which Fergusson seems to have been, the subjects he too frequently chose for his muse were those most calculated to promote the amusement of the evening. The fatal crisis of his fate approached before he obtained promotion. The derangement of his mental powers was first evinced by casual imbecility; but in consequence of falling from a staircase, by which he received a violent contusion on his head, he became so outrageous, as to resist all moderate restraint, and the limited circumstances of his mother depriving her of the power of providing proper attention for him in her own house, he was conveyed to a public asylum, where he expired shortly after in the 24th year of his age.

"The Farmer's Ingle" is by far the happiest of his efforts; it is a noble poem, a refreshing and faithful picture of the simple and virtuous manners of an interesting class of society, and breathes the true inspiration of poetry and patriotism. From this Burns undoubtedly took the first hints of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."]

"Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit.

VIRG. BUC.

WHEN gloamin' grey out-owre the welkin keeks;*
When Batie ca's his owsen† to the byre;‡
When Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
An' lusty lasses at the dightin§ tire:

* *Keeks*, peeps.

† *Owsen*, oxen.

‡ *Byre*, cow-house.

§ *Dightin*, cleaning corn from chaff.

What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
 An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain ;
 Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
 Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain ;
 Begin, my Muse ! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
 Wi' divots theekit* frae the weet an' drift ;
 Sods, peats, an' heathery trufts the chimley fill,
 An' gar their thickening smeeek salute the lift.
 The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
 When he out-owre the hallan flings his een,
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind ;
 That a' his housie looks sae cosht† an' clean ;
 For cleanly house lo'es he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
 A heartsome meltith,‡ an' refreshin' synd
 O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire :
 Sair wark an' poortith downa weel be join'd.
 Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks ;
 I' the far nook the bowie§ briskly reams ;
 The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,
 An' hauds the riggin het wi' welcome streams,
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchin nicer seems.

Frae this let gentler gabs a lesson lear :
 Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
 Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day ;
 At night, in calmest slumbers doze fu' sound ;
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
 Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound,
 Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost
 wound.

* *Divots theekit*, thatched with turf.

‡ *Meltith*, meal.

† *Cosh*, neat.

§ *Bowie*, a small cask.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
 By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
 In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.
 T'was this that brac'd their gardies* stiff an' strang,
 That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird† alang;
 Gar'd Scottish thistles bang the Roman bays;
 For near our crest their heads they doughtna raise.

The couthy cracks‡ begin when supper's owre;
 The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
 O' simmer's showery blinks, an' winter's sour,
 Whose floods did erst their mailin's§ produce hash.
 'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on;
 How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
 An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
 Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride,
 The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies now,
 For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
 Aye maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
 Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco mane.
 In rangles round, before the ingle's lowe,
 Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
 O' warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow;
 O' ghaists, that win in glen an' kirk-yard drear;
 Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake wi'
 fear!

For weel she trows, that fients an' fairies be
 Sent frae the deil to flecth us to our ill;
 That kye hae tint their milk wi' evil ee,
 An' corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kill.
 O mockna this, my friends, but rather mourn,

* *Gardies*, arms.

‡ *Couthy cracks*, kind, loving conversation.

† *Yird*, earth.

§ *Mailin*, farm.

Ye in life's brawest spring, wi' reason clear ;
 Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
 An' dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear ;
 The mind's aye cradled when the grave is near.

Yet thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
 Though age her sair-dow'd front wi' runkles wave,
 Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays,
 Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.*
 On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
 Shall heeze† her heart up wi' a silent joy,
 Fu' cadgie‡ that her head was up and saw
 Her ain spun cleedin'§ on a darling oye :
 Careless tho' death should mak the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas|| remains,
 Where the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease ;
 A warm an' canny lean for weary banes
 O' labourers doylt upo' the weary leas.
 Round him will baudrons¶ an' the collie** come,
 To wag their tail, an' cast a thankfu' ee
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
 O' kebbuck†† whang'd, an' dainty fadge,‡‡ to
 prie ;
 This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak,
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till ;
 How big a birn maun lie on bassie's back,
 For meal an' mu'ter§§ to the thirlin mill.
 Neist, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
 Glowr thro' the byre, an' see the hawkies||| bound ;
 Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,¶¶

* *Lave*, the others.

† *Heeze*, raise.

‡ *Cadgie*, cheerful.

§ *Cleedin*, cloathing.

|| *Deas*, a long seat against a wall.

¶ *Baudrons*, cats.

** *Collie*, a dog.

†† *Kebbuck*, cheese.

‡‡ *Fadge*, bread.

§§ *Mu'ter*, the miller's toll.

||| *Hawkies*, cows.

¶¶ *Tids*, humours.

An' ca' the laiglen's* treasure on the ground ;
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grien,
Their joints to slack frae industry awhile ;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
An' hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil :
The cruizy, too, can only blink and bleer,
The reistit ingle's done the maist it dōw ;
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod† to clear their drumly pow,‡
Till waken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year !
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the glebe,
An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear !
May Scotia's simmers aye look gay an' green ;
Her yellow hairsts frae scowry blasts decreed !
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed—
An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed !

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

Southey.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,

* *Laiglen*, a milking-pail.

† *Cod*, pillow.

‡ *Pow*, head.

That he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.
Why 'twas a very wicked thing !
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last ?
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

Goldsmith.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is, to die.

THE CHERUB.

Coleridge.

WAS it not lovely to behold
A cherub come down from the sky,
A beauteous thing of heavenly mould,
With ringlets of the wavy gold
Dancing and floating curiously ?
To see it come down to the earth
This beauteous thing of heavenly birth !
Leaving the fields of balm and bliss,
To dwell in such a world as this !

I heard a maiden sing the while,
A strain so holy, it might beguile
An angel from the radiant spheres,
That have swum in light ten thousand years ;
Ten times ten thousand is too few—
Child of heaven, can this be true !
And then I saw that beauteous thing
Slowly from the clouds descending,
Brightness, glory, beauty blending,
In the mid air hovering.
It had a halo round its head,
It was not of the rainbow's hue,
For in it was no shade of blue,
But a beam of amber mixt with red,
Like that which mingles in the ray
A little after the break of day.
Its raiment was the thousand dyes
Of flowers in the heavenly paradise ;

Its track a beam of the sun refined,
And its chariot was the northern wind ;
My heart danced in me with delight,
And my spirits mounted at the sight,
And I said within me it is well ;
But where the bower, or peaceful dell,
Where this pure heavenly thing may dwell ?
Then I bethought me of the place,
To lodge the messenger of grace ;
And I chose the ancient sycamore,
And the little green by Greta's shore
It is a spot so passing fair,
That sainted thing might sojourn there.

Go tell yon stranger artizan,
Build as quickly as he can.
Heaven shield us from annoy !
What shall form this dome of joy !
The leaf of the rose would be too rude,
For a thing that is not flesh and blood ;
The walls must be of the sunny air,
And the roof the silvery gossamer,
And all the ceiling round and round,
Wove half of light, and half of sound ;
The sounds must be the tones that fly
From distant harp, just ere they die ;
And the light the moon's soft midnight ray,
When the cloud is downy, and thin, and grey.
And such a bower of light and love,
Of beauty, and of harmonie,
In earth below, or heaven above,
No mortal thing shall ever see.

The dream is past, it is gone away !
The rose is blighted on the spray.
I look behind, I look before,
The happy vision is no more !
But in its room a darker shade
Than eye hath pierced, or darkness made ;

I cannot turn, yet do not know,
What I would, or whither go ;
But I have heard, to heart of sin,
A small voice whispering within,
'Tis all I know, and all I trust,—
“ That man is weak, but God is just.”

TO AN EOLIAN HARP.

Conder.

It was a chorus of the winds that stole
Its silence from the night and seemed to play
A momentary dirge—as if the soul
Of harmony had died and pass'd away.
Now to the air it gave a solemn peal,
And on the hearing in sad concord hung :
Anon in trembling distance did it steal,
Till not one note of faint vibration rung.
Again ! it breathes in fitful murmuring,
Now querulous and low, now full and clear ;
Borne on the midnight gale's mysterious wing,
Like angel-echoes from a distant sphere.

O wizard harp ! strange power is thine,
And more than music thou canst give,
Stirring those chords of magic twine,
So sweet, so fugitive.

Thy tones, not on the ear they dwell,
They sink not on the mournful air ;
But inly to the heart they swell,
And wake an echo there.

Of friends away they seem to sing,
And make the hours of absence dear ;
The shades of forms beloved they bring,
And draw the distant near.

O wizard Harp ! such power enthralling,
No art melodious could inspire ;
No wing of winds in murmurs falling,
So sweetly tune thy wire.

It is the spell that Fancy weaves,
Which gives thy charm to thee :
It is the sigh that memory heaves,
Makes all thy melody.

A VISION.

Anster.

THE evening hour was still and soft,
The moon, unclouded, shone aloft,
And I was gazing on the deep ;—
I watched the billows slowly creep—
I marked the varying colours, cast
O'er each, while mingling with the last,
The purple tinge, the emerald gleam,
Trembling and changing with the beam ;
—That gleam of green more steady grew,
The noiseless way was still,
A deeper green !—a darker blue !—
—'Tis my native vale that meets my view,
And the flow of my own blue rill,
And the shadowy groves are peeping through
The morning mists of the hill !
The scene is bright in the glow of the year,
And all is vivid to eye and ear ;—
I hear the stir of the breeze, that heaves
On the water the lily's recumbent leaves ;
The skylark's song, and the swallow's shriek,
And the music of winds in the caverned peak ;
I see the swan sail calmly by,
And the ringlet formed by the falling fly,

The woodbines wreathing the coloured crag,
 The lifted head of the antlered stag :
 Light breezes wake the soft air, rife
 With playful atoms of insect life ;—
 Light breezes bend the head of the rose,
 And scatter on earth the cistus' snows ;
 The clouds and the mists are sailing by,
 And fading fast in the blue of the sky ;
 The streaks of coloured light that shone
 O'er the chambers of the east, are gone ;
 The sunbeams fall, like a silent shower,
 Through the stirring leaves of the budding bower.

GREEK SONG.

Byron.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea ;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
 For standing on the Persians' grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ;
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,
 And men in nations ;—all were his !
 He counted them at break of day—
 And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
 My country ? On thy voiceless shore
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—
 The heroic bosom beats no more !
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,
 Degenerate into hands like mine ?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
 For what is left the poet here ?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest ?
 Must *we* but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
 Earth ! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead !
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ !

What, silent still ? and silent all ?
 Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, " Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come !"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine !

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine,
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep—
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

ADDRESS TO MELANCHOLY.

Beaumont.

HENCE all you vain delights ;
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy.
Oh, sweetest melancholy—
Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies ;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.
Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves :
Moonlight-walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls ;
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon :
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley ;
Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

THE MAGIC CAR.

Shelley.

THE night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peep'd the first faint smile of morn :—
The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew ;
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness shewed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the grey light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.
Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal
The coursers seemed to gather speed ;
The sea no longer was distinguished ; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere ;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave ;
Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.

The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven ;
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.

Spirit of Nature ! here !
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple.
Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the parting breeze
Is less instinct with thee :
Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature ! thou !
Imperishable as this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Smollet.

SOFT Sleep, profoundly pleasing power,
Sweet patron of the peaceful hour,
O listen from thy calm abode,
And hither wave thy magic rod ;
Extend thy silent soothing sway,
And charm the canker Care away.
Whether thou lov'st to glide along,
Attended by an airy throng
Of gentle dreams and smiles of joy,
Such as adorn the wanton boy ;
Or to the monarch's fancy bring
Delights that better suit a king ;
The glittering host, the groaning plain,
The clang of arms, and victor's train ;
Or should a milder vision please,
Present the happy scenes of peace ;
Plump Autumn, blushing all around,
Rich Industry with toil embrown'd,
Content, with brow serenely gay,
And genial Art's refulgent ray.

MESSIAH.

Pope.

[Alexander Pope was born in 1688, of a good family, in London. His parents being of the Romish persuasion, he was placed at eight years of age under one Taverner, a priest, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages together. About this time meeting with Ogilby's Homer, he was so much pleased that it became his favourite book : and when he was at school at the age of ten he turned some of the events of Homer into a play, which was performed by some of the upper boys

and the master's gardener, who represented Ajax. At the age of twelve he retired with his parents to Bindfield in Windsor Forest, where his father had purchased an estate. Here he wrote his "Ode on Solitude," which appears as the first fruits of his poetic genius. It was here also that he first met with the works of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; but on perusing Dryden he abandoned the rest and studied him as a model. At the age of twenty appeared his excellent "Essay on Criticism." But his genius shone to a greater advantage in his "Rape of the Lock," founded on the circumstance of Lord Petre's cutting off a lock of Mrs. Fermor's hair. This poem was written to effect a reconciliation between the parties, and was successful. It was printed in 1712, and was followed by the "Temple of Fame." The following year he published his proposals for a translation of the Iliad, which met with uncommon encouragement. After completing the "Iliad," he undertook the "Odyssey," for which he also experienced a liberal subscription. He was however materially assisted in these works by the learning and abilities of Broome, Fenton, Parnell, and others. The notes from "Eustathius" were chiefly extracted from Mr. Jortin. In 1721, our author published an edition of "Shakspeare," which shows that therein he consulted his fortune more than his fame. The reputation he had acquired by the success, as well as the merit of his works, procured him numerous enemies among writers of the minor classes, from whom he experienced frequent splenetic attacks. Perhaps it would have been more to his honour had he taken no notice of them; but in 1727 he vented his resentment in a mock heroic, entitled "The Dunciad," in which he took more than warrantable revenge, and what was worse, exposed to ridicule many ingenious and respectable persons who had given him no offence. In 1729, by the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, he turned his pen to a moral and philosophical subject, the result was his "Essay on Man," an ethical poem addressed to that statesman. He next wrote satires, in which he attacked several persons of rank. Mr. Pope was engaged in preparing a complete edition of his works, when he was carried off by dropsy in the chest, in 1744.]

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies :
 The ætherial spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
 Ye heavens ! † from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick ‡ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail ;
 Returning justice§ lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe be born !
 See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty Lebanon|| his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! ¶ a God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ; ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf ; and all ye blind, behold !

* Isa. xi. 1.

† ch. xlv. 8.

‡ ch. xxv. 4.

§ ch. ix. 7.

|| ch. xxxv. 2.

¶ ch. xl. 3, 4.

He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eyeball pour the day :
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
 The dumb* shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear.
 In adamantinet chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.

As the good shepherd† tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father§ of the future age.

No more shall nation|| against nation rise,
 No ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son¶
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren** deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear,
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys,†† once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir, and shapely box adorn ;

* Isa. xliii. 18. and xxxv. 5. 6.

† ch. xxv. 8.

‡ ch. xl. 11.

§ ch. ix. 6.

|| ch. ii. 4.

¶ ch. lxv. 21, 22.

** ch. xxxv. 1. 7.

†† ch. xli. 19. and lv. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs* with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys on flowery banks the tyger lead !
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.†
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !‡
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn !§
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,||
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabæan springs !¶
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,**
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine.

The seas†† shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains :
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

* Isa. xi. 6, 7, 8.

† ch. lxv. 25.

‡ ch. lx. 1.

§ ch. lx. 4.

|| ch. lx. 3.

¶ ch. lx. 6.

** ch. lx. 19, 20.

†† ch. li. 6. and liv. 10.

SLAVERY.

Cowper.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless continuity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man ; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,

I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

L' ALLEGRO.

Milton.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerebus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy ;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come thou goddess, fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,

There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair ;
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee,
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides :
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before ;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,

Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singing blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses :
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,

With stories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said ;
And he by fryar's lanthorn led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'ers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lulled asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend :
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream,
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd Eurydice.
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

Milton.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train :
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight ;
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem :
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain) ;
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove,
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altars sing :
And add to these, retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first and chiefest with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the' accustom'd oak ;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar!
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshy nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or else the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not trick'd and frownc'd as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling,
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt,
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,

That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings an-airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd
Softly on my eye-lids laid,
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim, religious light,
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

A SCENE OF MISERY, OCCASIONED BY
GUILT.*Crabbe.*

[“ Crabbe is, if not the most natural, the most literal of our descriptive poets. He exhibits the smallest circumstances of the smallest things. He gives the very costume of meanness,—the nonessentials of every trifling incident. He is his own landscape-painter and engraver too. His pastoral scenes seem pricked on paper in little dotted lines. He describes the interior of a cottage like a person sent there to distrain for rent. He has an eye to the number of arms in an old wormeaten chair, and takes care to inform himself and the reader whether a joint-stool stands upon three legs or upon four. If a settle by the fire-side stands awry, it gives him as much disturbance as a tottering world; and he records the rent in a ragged counterpane as an event in history. He is equally curious in his back-grounds and in his figures. You know the christian and surnames of every one of his heroes,—the dates of their achievements, whether on a Sunday or a Monday,—their place of birth and burial, the colour of their clothes and hair, and whether they squinted or not. He takes an inventory of the human heart exactly in the same manner as of the furniture of a sick room: his sentiments have very much the air of fixtures; he gives you the petrification of a sigh, and carves a tear, to the life, in stone. Almost all his characters are tired of their lives, and you heartily wish them dead. They remind one of anatomical preservations; or may be said to bear the same relation to actual life that a stuffed cat in a glass-case does to the real one purring on the hearth: the skin is the same, but the life and the sense of heat is gone. Crabbe’s poetry is like a museum or curiosity-shop: every thing has the same posthumous appearance, the same inanimateness and identity of character. If Bloomfield is too much of the Farmer’s Boy, Crabbe is too much of the parish beadle, an overseer of the country poor. He has no delight beyond the walls of a work-

house, and his officious zeal would make the world into a vast infirmary. He is a kind of Ordinary, not of Newgate, but of nature. His political morality is taken from Burn's Justice or the Statutes against Vagrants. He sets his own imagination in the stocks, and his Muse, like Malvolio, 'wears cruel garters.' He collects all the petty vices of the human heart, and superintends, as in a panopticon, a select circle of rural malefactors. He makes out the poor to be as bad as the rich,—a sort of vermin for the others to hunt down and trample upon, and this he thinks a good piece of work. With him there are but two moral categories, riches and poverty, authority and dependence. His parish apprentice, Richard Monday, and his wealthy Baronet, Sir Richard Monday, of Monday-place, are the same individual,—the extremes of the same character, and of his whole system. 'The latter end of his Commonwealth does not forget the beginning.' But his parish ethics are the very worst model for a State: any thing more degrading and helpless cannot well be imagined. He gives us just the contrary view of human life to that which Gay has done in his *Beggar's Opera*. In a word, Crabbe is the only poet who has attempted and succeeded in the *still life* of tragedy: who gives the stagnation of hope and fear,—the deformity of vice without the temptation,—the pain of sympathy without the interest,—and who seems to rely, for the delight he is to convey to his reader, on the truth and accuracy with which he describes what is disagreeable."—*Hazlitt*.]

A DREADFUL winter came, each day severe,
 Misty when mild, and icy cold when clear;
 And still the humble dealer took his load,
 Returning slow, and shiv'ring on the road:
 The lady, still relentless, saw him come,
 And said, 'I wonder, has the wretch a home?'
 'A hut, a hovel!'—'Then his fate appears
 To suit his crime.'—'Yes, lady, not his years;
 No! nor his sufferings, nor that form decay'd:—'
 'Well! let the parish give its paupers aid:
 You must the vileness of his acts allow;'—
 'And you, dear lady, that he feels it now:'

' When such dissemblers on their deeds reflect,
 Can they the pity they refus'd expect ?
 He that doth evil, evil shall he dread.'—
 ' The snow,' quoth Susan, ' falls upon his bed,—
 It blows beside the thatch—it melts upon his head.'—
 ' 'Tis weakness, child, for grieving guilt to feel ;'—
 ' Yes, but he never sees a wholesome meal ;
 Through his bare dress appears his shrivel'd skin,
 And ill he fares without, and worse within :
 With that weak body, lame, diseased, and slow,
 What cold, pain, peril, must the sufferer know !'
 ' Think on his crime.'—' Yes, sure 'twas very wrong ;
 But look (God bless him !) how he gropes along.'—
 ' Brought me to shame.'—' Oh ! yes, I know it
 all—

What cutting blasts ! and he can scarcely scrawl ;
 He freezes as he moves—he dies ! if he should fall :
 With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet,—
 And must a Christian perish in the street,
 In sight of Christians ?—There ! at last he lies ;
 Nor unsupported can he ever rise ;
 He cannot live.'—' But is he fit to die ?'
 Here Susan softly mutter'd a reply,
 Look'd round the room—said something of its state,
 Dives the rich, and Lazarus at his gate ;
 And then aloud—' In pity do behold
 The man affrighten'd, weeping, trembling, cold :
 Oh ! how these flakes of snow their entrance win
 Through the poor rags, and keep the frost within ;
 His very heart seems frozen as he goes,
 Leading that starved companion of his woes :
 He tried to pray—his lips I saw them move,
 And he so turn'd his piteous looks above ;
 But the fierce wind the willing heart oppos'd,
 And, 'ere he spoke, the lips in misery clos'd :
 Poor suffering object ! yes, for ease you pray'd,
 And God will hear—he only, I'm afraid.'

' Peace ! Susan, peace ! pain ever follows sin !'
 Ah ! then, thought Susan, when will ours begin ?

' When reach'd his home, to what a cheerless fire
 And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire !
 Yet ragged, wretched as it is, that bed
 Takes half the space of his contracted shed ;
 I saw the thorns beside the narrow grate,
 With straw collected in a putrid state :
 There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
 And that will warm him rather than the blaze ;
 The sullen, smoky blaze, that cannot last
 One moment after his attempt is past.
 And I so warmly, and so purely laid,
 To sink to rest——indeed, I am afraid.'—
 ' Know you his conduct ?'—' Yes, indeed, I know,
 And how he wanders in the wind and snow ;
 Safe in our rooms the threat'ning storm we hear,
 But he feels strongly what we faintly fear.'
 ' Wilful was rich, and he the storm defied ;
 Wilful is poor, and must the storm abide ;'
 Said the stern lady, ' 'Tis in vain to feel ;
 Go and prepare the chicken for our meal.'

FRIENDSHIP.

Penrose.

DISTILL'D amidst the gloom of night,
 Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
 Till notic'd by approaching light,
 It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires, her feeble pow'r
 The sun out-beams with genial ray,
 And gently in benignant hour,
 Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus on Affliction's sable bed
 Deep sorrows rise of saddest hue ;
 Condensing round the mourner's head,
 They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

'Tis when the sea-girt turret's brow
Receives the east's first kindling glow,
And the dark wave,
Swelling to meet the orient gleam,
Reflects the warmly-strengthening beam
It seems to lave.

'Tis when the restless child of sorrow,
Watching the wish'd-for rising morrow,
His couch foregoes,
And seeks 'midst scenes so sweet, so mild,
To sooth those pangs so keen, so wild,
Of hopeless woes.

Nor day, nor night, this hour can claim,
Nor moonlight ray, nor noontide beam,
Does it betray ;
But fresh, reviving, dewy, sweet,
It hastes the glowing hours to meet
Of rising day.

SAUL'S APPROACH TO THE CAMP OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

Sotheby.

HARK! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular : the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war ;
Shrill twang of harps, sooth'd by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars : and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose match'd voices fill'd the air afar
With jubilee, and chant of triumph hymn :
And ever and anon irregular burst

Of loudest acclamation, to each host
 Saul's stately advance proclaim'd. Before him, youths
 In robes succinct for swiftness : oft they struck
 Their staves against the ground, and warn'd the
 throng

Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
 Of chariots roll'd with each an armed band ;
 Earth groan'd afar beneath their iron wheels :
 Part arm'd with scythe for battle, part adorn'd
 For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
 Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
 Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
 Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
 Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
 Of size and comeliness above their peers,
 Pride of their race. Radiant their armour : some
 In silver cased, scale over scale, that play'd
 All pliant to the liveness of the limb ;
 Some mail'd in twisted gold, link within link
 Flexibly ring'd and fitted, that the eye
 Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
 When act of war the strength of man provoked,
 The motion of the muscles, as they work'd
 In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
 Swung in the broider'd baldric : each right hand
 Grasp'd a long shadowing spear. Like them, their
 chiefs

Array'd ; save on their shields of solid ore,
 And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
 Its subtlety in rich device of war :
 And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
 Gracefully play'd ; where the wing'd shuttle, shot
 By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
 Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.

Bright glow'd the sun, and bright the burnish'd
 mail

Of thousands ranged, whose pace to song kept time ;
 And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
 And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
 The noon-day beam. Beneath their coming, earth

Wide glitter'd. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mail'd, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flow'd
A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starr'd
With blaze of orient gems ; the clasp, that bound
Its gather'd folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire ; and o'er his casque, where rubies burnt,
A cherub flamed, and waved his wings in gold.

THE SONG OF MUSIC.

Moore.

FROM Chindara's warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly !
And the passionate strain that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway
The Spirits of past delight obey ;—
Let but the powerful talisman sound,
And they come, like Genii, hovering round.

And mine is the gentle song, that bears
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;
 When Memory links the tone that is gone
 With the blissful tone that's still on the ear ;
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on
 To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,
 Can as downy, soft, and as yielding be
 As his own white plume, that high amid death
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.
 And, oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,
 When music has reach'd her inward soul,
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
 While Heaven's eternal melodies roll !

LOVE.

Shakspeare.

FOR aught that ever I could read,
 Could ever hear by tale or history,
 The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But, either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgrafted in respect of years ;
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it ;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

ADDRESSED TO LORD HALIFAX.

Addison.

WHILE you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease :
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground ;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods !
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods ! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,

That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source ;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd ;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth the mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents :
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride :
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.

An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
'That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid ;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels
flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still shew the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land !
And scattered blessings with a wasteful hand !
But what avail her inexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,

While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
 The reddening orange and the swelling grain :
 Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines :
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
 And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou goddess, heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight !
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train ;
 Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight ;
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
 'Tis liberty crowns Britannia's isle,
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains
 smile.

THE ANGRY BULL.

Hurdis.

Now is it sometimes pleasure to steal forth
 At sultry midnight, when the busy fly
 Swarms multitudinous, and the vex'd herd

Of milch-kine slumber in yon elm-grove shade,
 Or unrecumbent exercise the cud
 With milky mouths. 'Tis pleasure to approach
 And, by the strong fence shielded, view secure
 Thy terrors, Nature, in the savage bull.
 Soon as he marks me, be the tyrant fierce—
 To earth descends his head—hard breathe his lungs
 Upon the dusty sod—a sullen leer
 Gives double horror to the frowning curls
 Which wrap his forehead—and ere long be heard
 From the deep cavern of his lordly throat
 The growl insufferable; not more dread
 And not more sullen the profoundest peal
 Of the far distant storm which o'er the deep,
 Clothed in the pall of midnight premature,
 At evening hangs, and jars the solid earth
 With its remote explosion. Tramples then
 The surly brute impatient of disdain,
 And spurns the soil with irritated hoof,
 Himself inhaler of the dusty cloud,
 Himself insulted by the pebbly shower
 Which his vain fury raises. Nothing fear'd,
 Let him incensed from agitated lungs
 Blow his shrill trump acute till echo ring,
 And with a leer of malice steal away,
 Assault and vengeance swearing ere be long.

Rowing?

THE FUTURE.

Byron.

WHEN coldness wraps the suffering clay,
 Ah, whither strays the' immortal mind?
 It cannot die, it cannot stay,
 But leaves its darken'd dust behind.
 Then, unimbodied, doth it trace
 By steps each planet's heavenly way?
 Or fill at once the realms of space,
 A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
 A thought unseen, but seeing all,
 All, all in earth, or skies display'd,
 Shall it survey, shall it recall :
 Each fainter trace that memory holds
 So darkly of departed years,
 In one broad glance the soul beholds,
 And all that was at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
 Its eye shall roll through chaos back ;
 And where the furthest heaven had birth,
 The spirit trace its rising track.
 And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure :
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing,
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly ;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

VERSES ON THE REV. THOMAS SPENCER,

WHO WAS DROWNED WHILE BATHING IN THE
 RIVER MERSEY, AUGUST 5, 1811.

Montgomery.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy
 footsteps are not known. *Psalms lxxvii. 19.*

I WILL not sing a mortal's praise ;
 To Thee I consecrate the lays,

To whom my powers belong ;
These gifts, upon thine altar strown,
O God ! accept—accept thine own :
My gifts are thine ; be thine alone
The glory of my song.

In earth and ocean, sky and air,
All that is excellent and fair
Seen, felt, or understood,
From one eternal cause descends,
To one eternal centre tends,
With God begins, continues, ends,
The source and stream of good.

I worship not the sun at noon,
The wandering stars, the changing moon,
The wind, the flood, the flame ;
I will not bow the votive knee
To wisdom, virtue, liberty ;
' There is no god but God ' for me,
Jehovah is his name.

Him through all nature I explore ;
Him in his creatures I adore,
Around, beneath, above ;
But clearest in the human mind
His bright resemblance when I find,
Grandeur with purity combined,
I most admire and love.

O, there was One—on earth awhile
He dwelt ; but transient as a smile
That turns into a tear,
His beauteous image pass'd us by ;
He came like lightning from the sky,
He seem'd as dazzling to the eye,
As prompt to disappear.

Sweet in his undissembling mien
Were genius, candour, meekness seen,

The lips that loved the truth ;
The single eye, whose glance sublime
Look'd to eternity through time ;
The soul, whose thoughts were wont to climb
Above the hopes of youth.

Of old,* before the lamp grew dark,
Reposing near the sacred ark,
The child of Hannah's prayer
Heard, midst the temple's silent round,
A living voice; nor knew the sound
That thrice alarm'd him ere he found
The Lord, who chose him there.

Thus early call'd, and strongly moved,
A prophet from a child approved,
SPENCER his course began ;
From strength to strength, from grace to grace,
Swiftest and foremost in the race,
He carried victory in his face,
He triumph'd while he ran.

How short his day !—the glorious prize,
To our slow hearts and failing eyes,
Appear'd too quickly won :
The warrior rush'd into the field,
With arm invincible, to wield,
The spirit's sword, the spirit's shield,
When lo ! the fight was done.

The loveliest star of evening's train
Sets early in the eastern main,
And leaves the world in night ;
The brightest star of morning's host,
Scarce risen, in brighter beams is lost :
Thus sunk his form on ocean's coast,
Thus sprang his soul to light.

* 1 Samuel i. and iii.

Who shall forbid the eye to weep
 That saw him, from the ravening deep,
 Pluck'd like the lion's prey?
 For ever bow'd his honour'd head,
 The spirit in a moment fled,
 The heart of friendship cold and dead,
 The limbs a wreath of clay.

Revolving his mysterious lot,
 I mourn him, but I praise him not;
 To God the praise be given,
 Who sent him, like the radiant bow,
 His covenant of peace to show,
 Athwart the passing storm to glow,
 Then vanish into heaven.

O Church! to whom the youth was dear,
 The angel of thy mercies near,
 Behold the path he trod;
 A 'milky way' through midnight skies!
 Behold the grave in which he lies:
 Even from the dust the prophet cries,
 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

Blackstone.

As by some tyrant's stern command,
 A wretch forsakes his native land,
 In foreign climes condemn'd to roam,
 An endless exile from his home,
 Pensive he treads the destined way,
 Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
 He stops, and turns his eyes below,
 There, melting at the well-known view,
 Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:—

So I, from thee thus doom'd to part,
Gay Queen of Fancy and of Art,
Reluctant move with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend :
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee !
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along.

But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,
Farewell, a long—a last adieu !
Me wrangling courts and stubborn law
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw.
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way ;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare ;
Loose revelry and riot bold
In frightened streets their orgies hold ;
Or where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell murder walks his nightly round.
No room for peace—no room for you—
Adieu, celestial Nymph ! adieu.

Shakspeare, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,

Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
 Nor Milton's mighty self must please.
 Instead of these, a formal band
 With furs and coifs around me stand,
 With sounds uncouth and accents dry
 That grate the soul of harmony,
 Each pedant sage unlocks his store
 Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
 And points with tottering hand the ways
 That lead me to the thorny maze.

There in a winding close retreat,
 Is Justice doom'd to fix her seat ;
 There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
 She keeps the wondering world in awe ;
 And there, from vulgar sight retired,
 Like Eastern queens, is more admired.
 O let me pierce the secret shade,
 Where dwells the venerable maid,
 There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
 The guardian of Britannia's law ;
 Unfold with joy her sacred page,
 The united boast of many an age ;
 Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
 The wisdom of a thousand years ;
 In that pure spring the bottom view,
 Clear, deep, and regularly true ;
 And other doctrines thence imbibe,
 Than lurk within the sordid tribe ;
 Observe how parts with parts unite
 In one harmonious rule of right ;
 See countless wheels distinctly tend,
 By various laws to one great end,
 While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
 Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then, welcome business—welcome strife,
 Welcome the cares—the thorns of life,
 The visage wan—the poreblind sight,
 The toil by day—the lamp at night,

The tedious forms—the solemn prate,
 The pert dispute—the dull debate,
 The drowsy bench—the babbling hall :
 For thee, fair Justice, welcome all.
 Thus let my noon of life be past ;
 Yet let my setting sun at last,
 Find out the still, the rural cell,
 Where sage retirement loves to dwell.
 There let me taste the homefelt bliss
 Of innocence and inward peace ;
 Untainted by the guilty bribe—
 Uncursed amid the harpy tribe—
 No orphan's cry to wound my ear,
 My honour and my conscience clear.
 Thus I calmly meet my end,
 Thus to the grave in peace descend !

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Burns.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Tho' it should serve nae ither end
 Than just a kind *memento* ;
 But how the subject theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang ;
 Perhaps, turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
 And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
 Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Ev'n when your end's attained ;
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
 The real, harden'd wicked,
 Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 Its rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we should na' censure,
 For still the' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly stare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony;
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony :
 Conceal yoursel as weel's you can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt the' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it :
 I wave the quantum o' the sin ;
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But Och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her :
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justifi'd by Honour ;

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where you feel your Honour grip
 Let that ay be your border :
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences,
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

The great CREATOR to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with Wits profane to rage,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random sting*
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
 Erect your brow undaunting !
 In Ploughman's phrase, ' God send you speed !'
 Still daily to grow wiser ;
 And may ye better reckon the *rede*,
 Than e'er did the' Adviser !

ALEXANDER'S FEAST ; OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Dryden.

[John Dryden, son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, in Northamptonshire, was born at Aldwincle, near Oundle, in that county, August 9, 1631. He was educated at Westminster school, being king's scholar there under the famous Dr. Busby, and was from thence elected, in 1650, a scholar in Trinity College, Cambridge. His reputation as a poet, together with his attachment to the court, procured him the place of poet-laureat and historiographer to Charles II. which accordingly he took possession of, upon the death of Sir William Davenant, in 1668. In 1669 his first play, a comedy called "The Wild Gallant," was acted at the Theatre-royal; but with so little success, that if the author had not had a peculiarly strong inclination to dramatic writing, he would have been sufficiently discouraged from any farther attempts in it. He went on, however, and in the space of twenty-five years produced twenty-seven plays, besides his other numerous poetical writings. He died May 1, 1700. As to Dryden's character, it has been treated in extremes, some setting it too high, others too low; for he was too deeply engaged in party to have strict justice done him either way.—Congreve represents him, in regard to his moral character, in every respect not only blameless, but amiable: and, "as to his writings (says he) no man hath written, in our language, so much and so various matter, and in so various manners, so well. Another thing, I may say, was very peculiar to him; which is, that his parts did not decline with his years, but that he was an improving writer to the last, even to near 70 years of age; improving even in fire and imagination as well as judgment: witness his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, and his Fables, his latest performances. He was equally excellent in verse and in prose. His prose had all the clearness imaginable, together with

all the nobleness of expression, all the graces and ornaments proper and peculiar to it, without deviating into the language or diction of poetry.—I have heard him frequently own with pleasure, that if he had any talent for English prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great archbishop Tillotson. His versification and his numbers he could learn of nobody ; for he first possessed those talents in perfection in our tongue. In his poems his diction is, wherever his subject requires it, so sublimely and so truly poetical, that its essence, like that of pure gold cannot be destroyed.—What he has done in any one species, or distinct kind of writing, would have been sufficient to have acquired him a great name. If he had written nothing but his prefaces, or nothing but his songs and his prologues, each of them would have entitled him to the preference and distinction of excelling in his kind.”]

’Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
 By Philip’s warlike son ;
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne ;
 His valiant peers were placed around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
 So should desert in arms be crown’d.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty’s pride ;
 Happy, happy, happy pair ;
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch’d the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love !)

A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast ;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity, they shout around :
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung ;
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes ;
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain :
Fought all his battles o'er again :
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he slew
the slain.
The master saw the madness rise ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And, while he heaven and earth defied
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse;
 Soft pity to infuse;
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And welt'ring in his blood:
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries ;
See the Furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air !
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal, to destroy.
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame :
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

THE LAST MINSTREL.

Scott.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old ;
His withered cheek and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day ;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy ;
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For, well-a-day ! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead ;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn ;
No longer courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay :
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne :
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;

And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting place was nigh.
With hesitating step, at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The Duchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well :
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree ;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride :
And he began to talk anon,
Of good Earl Francis,† dead and gone,
And of Earl Walter,‡ rest him God !
A braver ne'er to battle rode :
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;
And, would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scot, Earl of Buccleuch, father of the duchess.

‡ Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;
The aged Minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please :
And scenes long past of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying Duchess, praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls ;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy !
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along ;

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot ;
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the LATEST MINSTREL sung.

* * * *

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS
LOVE.

Marlowe.

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That vallies, groves, and hills, and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :

And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

Raleigh.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields ;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

'Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

'Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need ;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Campbell.

ON Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming,
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall,
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic waves their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore !

It was beneath thy skies that, but to prune
His autumn fruits, or skim the light canoe,
Perchance, along thy river calm at noon,
The happy shepherd swain had nought to do
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew :
Their timbrel in the dance of forests brown
When lovely maidens prankt in flow'ret new,
And aye, those sunny mountains half way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men,
While hark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then,
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue ;
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
 Were but divided by the running brook,
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-
 hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native rondelay ;
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away !
 Green Albyn ! what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar !

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Shenstone.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ.—*Virgil.*
 Groves and lowly shrubs.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds ! so cheerful and gay,
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
 Should Corydon's happen to stray,
 Oh ! call the poor wanderers home.
 Allow me to muse and to sigh,
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;
 None once was so watchful as I ;
 —I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire ;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel ;
Alas ! I am faint and forlorn :
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dream'd of my vine,
May I lose both my pipe and my crook
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?
Why wander thus pensively here ?
Oh ! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear ?
They tell me my favorite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown ;
Alas ! where with her I have stray'd
I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart !
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;
My path I could hardly discern ;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far-distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe ;
Soft hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep ;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep ;
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow ;
My fountains, all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbriar entwines it around :
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear ;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay !
Already it calls for my love
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow !
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow !

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair ;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed ;
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed :
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young ;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove ;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of Love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd when her Corydon sighs ?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise ?
Dear regions of silence and shade !
Soft scenes of contentment and ease !
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray ?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs ?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours ?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine ;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

WHY will you my passion reprove ?
Why term it a folly to grieve ?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free,
With her modesty pleases the grave ;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays !
I could lay down my life for the swain
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while ;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown,
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how with one trivial glance
Might she ruin the peace of my mind ?
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around ;
And his pipe—oh ! may Phyllis beware
Of a magic there is in the sound !

'Tis his with mock passion to glow ;
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold—
' How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold :
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie ;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.'

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet,
Then suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
'O Phyllis!' he whispers, 'more fair,
More sweet, than the jessamine's flow'r!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a show'r?

'Then the lily no longer is white,
Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom,
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.'
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds! give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah ! love every hope can inspire,
It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone ;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree ;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! from the day that we met
What hope of an end to my woes ?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain :
The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own ;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace,
To your deepest recesses I fly,
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.

Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun ;
How she smil'd—and I could not but love !
Was faithless—and I am undone !

THE SHIPWRECK.

Byron.

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters ; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown,
Of one who hates us, so the night was shown,
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,
And hopeless eyes which o'er the deep alone
Gazed dim and desolate ; twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar : and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,
With little hope in such a rolling sea,
A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd
If any laughter at such times could be,
Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,
And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,—
Half epileptical, and half hysterical :—
Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,
And all things for a chance had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use :
There was no light in heaven but a few stars,
The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave,
Then some leap'd overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,
And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hush'd,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gush'd,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

The boats, as stated, had got off before,
And in them crowded several of the crew ;
And yet their present hope was hardly more
Than what it had been, for so strong it blew
There was slight chance of reaching any shore ;
And then there were too many, though so few—
Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

* * * *

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly yet,
That the sail was becalm'd between the seas,
Though on the wave's high top too much to set,
They dared not take it in for all the breeze ;
Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept them wet,
And made them bale without a moment's ease,
So that themselves as well as hopes were damp'd,
And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

Nine souls more went in her : the long-boat still
 Kept above water, with an oar for mast,
 Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill
 Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast :
 Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,
 And present peril all before surpass'd,
 They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,
 And also for the biscuit casks and butter.

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign
 Of the continuance of the gale : to run
 Before the sea, until it should grow fine,
 Was all that for the present could be done :
 A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine
 Was served out to the people, who begun
 To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,
 And most of them had little clothes but rags.

* * * *

—The third day there came on a calm,
 And though at first their strength it might renew,
 And, lying on their weariness like balm,
 Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue
 Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,
 And fell all ravenously on their provision,
 Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

The consequence was easily foreseen—
 They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,
 In spite of all remonstrances, and then
 On what, in fact, next day were they to dine ?
 They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men !
 And carry them to shore ; these hopes were fine,
 But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,
 It would have been more wise to save their victual.

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,
And ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child :
The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,
The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—
With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)
What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild,
So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,
Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,
And Juan who had still refused, because
The creature was his father's dog that died,
Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,
With some remorse received (though first denied)
As a great favour one of the fore paws,
Which he divided with Pedrillo, who
Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun
Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,
They lay like carcasses, and hope was none,
Save in the breeze that came not ;—savagely
They glared upon each other—all was done,
Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see
The longings of the cannibal arise
(Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

At length one whisper'd his companion, who
Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,
And then into a hoarser murmur grew,
An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound,
And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,
'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found :
And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,
And who should die to be his fellow's food.

But ere they came to this they that day shared
Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes ;
And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,
And none to be the sacrifice would choose ;
At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,
But of materials that much shock the Muse—
Having no paper, for the want of better,
They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

The lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and
handed,
In silent horror, and their distribution
Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,
Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution :
None in particular had sought or plann'd it,
'Twas nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,
By which none were permitted to be neuter—
And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

He but requested to be bled to death :
The surgeon had his instruments, and bled
Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,
You hardly could perceive when he was dead.
He died as born, a Catholic in faith,
Like most in the belief in which they're bred,
And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,
And then held out his jugular and wrist.

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,
Had his first choice of morsels for his pains ;
But being thirstiest at the moment, he
Preferr'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins :
Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,
And such things as the entrails and the brains,
Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—
The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food,
 To these was added Juan, who, before
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could
 Feel now his appetite increased much more;
 'Twas not to be expected that he should,
 Even in extremity of their disaster,
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,
 The consequence was awful in the extreme;
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,
 Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!
 And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream,
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
 And with hyæna laughter, died despairing.

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,
 And all the rest were thin enough, heaven knows;
 And some of them had lost their recollection,
 Happier than they who still perceived their woes;
 But others ponder'd on a new dissection,
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those
 Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

* * * *

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of
 earth
 When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,
 Men really know not what good water's worth;
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,
 Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your birth,
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,
 You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,
 And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher
 Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

* * * *

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,
 But he died early ; and when he was gone,
 His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
 One glance on him, and said, “ Heaven’s will be
 done
 “ I can do nothing,” and he saw him thrown
 Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
 Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate ;
 But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
 And patient spirit held aloof his fate ;
 Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
 As if to win a part from off the weight
 He saw increasing on his father’s heart,
 With the deep deadly thought, that they must part.

And o’er him bent his sire, and never rais’d
 His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
 From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,
 And when the wish’d-for shower at length was come,
 And the boy’s eyes, which the dull film half glaz’d,
 Brighten’d and for a moment seemed to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child’s mouth—but in vain.

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And look'd upon it long, and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watch'd it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast ;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning the dark
sea,
Resting its bright base on the quivering blue ;
And all within its arch appear'd to be
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner free,
Then changed like to a bow that's bent, and then
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd men.

It changed, of course ; a heavenly cameleon,
The airy child of vapour and the sun,
Brought forth in purple, cradled in vermillion,
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed in dun,
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's pavilion,
And blending every colour into one.

* * * *

With twilight it again came on to blow,
But not with violence ; the stars shone out,
The boat made way ; yet now they were so low,
They knew not where nor what they were about ;
Some fancied they saw land, and some said “ No ! ”
The frequent fog-banks gave them cause to doubt—
Some swore that they heard breakers, others guns,
And all mistook about the latter once.

As morning broke the light wind died away,
When he who had the watch sung out, and swore
If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's ray,
He wish'd that land he never might see more;
And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw a bay,
Or thought they saw, and shaped their course for
shore;
For shore it was, and gradually grew
Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

And then of these some part burst into tears
And others looking with a stupid stare,
Could not yet separate their hopes from fears,
And seem'd as if they had no further care;
While a few pray'd—(the first time for some years)—
And at the bottom of the boat three were
Asleep; they shook them by the hand and head
And tried to awaken them but found them dead.

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,
They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill kind,
And by good fortune gliding softly, caught her,
Which yielded a day's life, and to their mind
Proved even still a more nutritious matter,
Because it left encouragement behind:
They thought that in such perils, more than chance
Had sent them this for their deliverance.

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,
And higher grew the mountains as they drew,
Set by a current, toward it: they were lost
In various conjectures, for none knew
To what part of the earth they had been tost,
So changeable had been the winds that blew:
Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some the high-
lands
Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other Islands.

Meantime the current with a rising gale,
Still set them onwards to the welcome shore,
Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and pale :
Their living freight was now reduced to four,
And three dead, whom their strength could not
 avail
To heave into the deep with those before,
Though the two sharks still follow'd them, and dash'd
The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat, had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn'd them to
Such things a mother had not known her son
Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt crew ;
By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one by one
They perish'd, until wither'd to these few,
But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,
In washing down Pedrillo with salt-water.

As they drew nigh the land, which now was seen,
Unequal in its aspect here and there,
They felt the freshness of its growing green,
That waved in forest tops and smooth'd the air,
And fell upon their glazed eyes like a skreen
From glistening waves, and skies so hot and bare—
Lovely seem'd any object that should sweep
Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of man,
And girt by formidable waves ; but they
Were mad for land, and thus their course they ran,
Though right ahead the roaring breakers lay :
A reef between them also now began
To show its boiling surf and bounding spray,
But finding no place for their landing better,
They ran the boat for shore, and overset her.

But in his native stream, the Guadalquiver,
 Juan to lave his youthful limbs was wont,
 And having learnt to swim in that sweet river,
 Had often turn'd the art to some account.

* * * *

So here, though faint, emaciated, and stark,
 He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove to ply
 With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was dark,
 The beach which lay before him, high and
 dry :
 The greatest danger here was from a shark,
 That carried off his neighbour by the thigh ;
 As for the other two they could not swim,
 So nobody arrived on shore but him.

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,
 Which, providentially for him, was wash'd ;
 Just as his feeble arms could strike no more,
 And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him as 'twas
 dash'd
 Within his grasp : he clung to it, and sore
 The waters beat while he thereto was lash'd ;
 At last, with swimming, wading, scrambling, he
 Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from the sea :

There, breathless, with his digging nails he clung
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,
 From whose reluctant roar his life he wrung,
 Should suck him back to her insatiate grave :
 And there he lay, full length, where he was flung,
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,
 And deem that it was saved perhaps in vain.

With slow and staggering effort he arose,
 But sunk again upon his bleeding knee
 And quivering hand ; and then he look'd for those
 Who long had been his mates upon the sea,
 But none of them appear'd to share his woes,
 Save one, a corpse from out the famish'd three,
 Who died two days before, and now had found
 An unknown barren beach for burial ground.

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,
 And down he sunk ; and as he sunk, the sand
 Swam round and round, and all his senses pass'd,
 He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd hand
 Droop'd dripping on the oar, (their jury-mast)
 And, like a wither'd lily, on the land
 His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,
 As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

* * * *

THE STEADFAST SHEPHERD.

Wither.

HENCE, away, thou Syren, leave me !
 Do unclasp these wanton arms !
 Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
 Though thou prove a thousand charms.
 Fie, fie, forbear !
 No common share
 Can ever my affection chain :
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor deceits,
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
 Nor shall that soft snowy breast,
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest.
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty's ray
 To some more soon-enamour'd swain :
 Those forced wiles
 Of sighs and smiles
 Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty ;
 Turn away thy tempting eye !
 Shew me not thy painted beauty ;
 These impostures I defy.
 My spirit loathes
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain :
 I love her so
 Whose looks swear *no*,
 That all thy labour will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
 Which on other's breasts are worn,
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 From the never touched thorn ?
 I can go rest
 On her sweet breast
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train :
 Then stay thy tongue,
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
 Where each peasant mates with him ;
 Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
 Whilst I've noble hills to climb ?
 No, no ;—though clowns
 Are scar'd with frowns,

I know the best can but disdain :
 And those I'll prove,
 So will thy love
 Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

Leave me then, thou Syren, leave me !
 Seek no more to work me harms :
 Crafty wiles cannot deceive me ;
 I am proof against your charms.
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart that constant shall remain ;
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vain.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Hogg.

DWELLER in heaven, and ruler below !
 Fain would I know thee, yet tremble to know !
 How can a mortal deem how it may be,
 That being can not be, but present with thee ?
 Is it true that thou saw'st me ere I saw the morn ?
 Is it true that thou knew'st me before I was born ?
 That nature must live in the light of thine eye ?
 This knowledge for me is too great and too high !

That fly I to noon-day, or fly I to night,
 To shroud me in darkness, or bathe me in light,
 The light and the darkness to thee are the same,
 And still in thy presence of wonder I am !
 Should I with the dove to the desert repair,
 Or dwell with the eagle in clough of the air ;
 In the desert afar, on the mountain's wild brink,
 From the eye of Omnipotence still I must shrink.

Or mount I on wings of the morning away,
To caves of the ocean unseen by the day,
And hide in these uttermost parts of the sea,
Even there to be living and moving in thee?
Nay, scale I the cloud in the heavens to dwell;
Or make I my bed in the shadows of hell;
Can science expound, or humanity frame,
That still thou art present, and all are the same?

Yes, present for ever! Almighty—alone,
Great spirit of nature, unbounded, unknown!
What mind can embody thy presence divine?
I know not my own being! how can I thine?
Then humbly and low in the dust let me bend,
And adore what on earth I can ne'er comprehend;
The mountains may melt, and the elements flee,
Yet an universe still be rejoicing in thee!

THE UPAS TREE.

Darwin.

WHERE seas of glass with gay reflection smile
Round the green coasts of Java's palmy isle,
A spacious plain extends its upland scene,
Rocks rise on rocks, and fountains gush between;
Soft zephyrs blow, eternal summers reign,
And showers prolific bless the soil,—in vain!
—No spicy nutmeg scents the vernal gales,
Nor towering plaintain shades the mid-day vales;
No grassy mantle hides the sable hills,
No flowery chaplet crowns the trickling rills;
Nor tufted moss, nor leathery lichen creeps
In russet tapestry o'er the crumbling steeps.
—No step retreating, on the sand impress'd,
Invites the visit of a second guest;
No reflux fin the unpeopled stream divides,
No revolant pinion cleaves the airy tides;

Nor handed moles, nor beaked worms return,
 That mining pass the irremeable bourn.—
 Fierce in dread silence, on the blasted heath,
 Fell UPAS sits, the HYDRA-TREE of death.
 Lo ! from one root, the envenomed soil below,
 A thousand vegetative serpents grow ;
 In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
 O'er ten square leagues his far-diverging heads ;
 Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
 Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses in the storm.
 Steep'd in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
 A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart ;
 Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the heath,
 Or pounce the lion, as he stalks beneath ;
 Or strew, as marshall'd hosts contend in vain,
 With human skeletons the whiten'd plain.
 —Chain'd at his root two scion-demons dwell,
 Breathe the faint hiss, or try the shriller yell ;
 Rise, fluttering in the air, on callow wings,
 And aim at insect-prey their little stings.
 So Time's strong arms with sweeping scythe erase
 Art's cumbrous works, and empires, from their base :
 While each young hour its sickle fine employs,
 And crops the sweet buds of domestic joys !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON THE BIRTH OF HIS
 FIRST CHILD.

Montgomery.

Two roses on one tender stem
 In sweet communion grew,
 Together hail'd the morning ray
 And drank the evening dew ;
 While, sweetly wreath'd in mossy green,
 There sprung a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers,
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume ;
While, foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon, their summer splendour past,
They faded in the wind ;
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind,
Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorned and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honours shorn,
The bud, unfolding, rosé,
And blush'd and brighten'd to the morn,
From dawn to sunrise glows ;
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My friends, in youth's romantic prime;
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time,
Life's little, less'ning span ;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as their's.

And, in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your with'ring hours shall shine,
Fair and more fair as you decline.

Till planted in that realm of rest
Where roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd in the sight of God.

LIBERTY.

Edwards.

OH, Liberty ! Liberty ! who would not die,
 In thy records to live eternally ?
 Oh, Liberty ! Liberty ! thine is the wreath
 That flames o'er the scene of a warrior's death ;
 Hallows the sod of a soldier's grave,
 And plays o'er the land of the good and the brave.
 Though the mighty come forth in their pride,
 And nations be swept from the land,
 For ever the names of thy patriot band
 In the volume of Fame shall abide.
 Like Sicily's mountain whose fires never die,
 Thy presence on earth is confest ;
 A beacon of wrath when it flames on high,
 And a mighty fear when at rest.
 Like thee it awakes from its terrible sleep,
 And o'er the dark rock and the green valley sweep.

THE EVENING HOUR.

Wilson.

THIS is the hour when Memory wakes,
 Visions of joy that could not last ;
 This is the hour when Fancy takes,
 A survey of the past !

She brings before the pensive mind,
 The hallow'd scenes of earlier years ;
 And friends, who long have been consign'd,
 To silence and to tears !

The few we lik'd ;—the ONE we lov'd,—
 A sacred band !—come stealing on ;
 And many a form far hence remov'd,
 And many a pleasure gone !

Friendships, that now in death are hush'd,
 And young Affection's broken chain;
 And hopes that Fate too quickly crush'd,
 In Memory live again!

Few watch the fading gleams of Day,
 But muse on hopes, as quickly flown,
 Tint after tint they died away,
 Till *all* at last were gone!

This is the hour when Fancy wreathes,
 Her spells round joys that could not last;
 This is the hour when Memory breathes,
 A sigh to Pleasures past!

I THINK OF THEE.

A. Watts.

I think of thee—I think of thee,
 And all that thou hast borne for me;—
 In hours of gloom, or heartless glee,
I think of thee—I think of thee!

When fiercest rage the storms of Fate,
 And all around is desolate;
 I pour on life's tempestuous sea,
 The oil of peace—with thoughts of thee!

When fortune frowns and hopes deceive me,
 And summer-friends in sorrow leave me;
 A Timon, from the world I flee—
 My wreck of wealth—sweet dreams of thee!

Or if I join the careless crowd,
 Where laughter peals, and mirth grows loud!
 Even in my hours of revelry,
 I turn to thee—I turn to thee!

I think of thee—I think and sigh
O'er blighted years, and bliss gone by ;
And mourn the stern, severe decree,
That spared me *only* thoughts of thee !

In youth's gay spring, 'mid Pleasure's bowers,
Where all is sunshine, mirth, and flowers ;
We met :—I bent the adoring knee
And told a tender tale to thee !

'Twas summer's eve—the heavens above,
Earth—ocean—air—were full of love :
Nature around kept jubilee
When first I breathed that tale to thee !

The crystal clouds that hung on high
Were blue as thy delicious eye ;—
The stirless shore, and sleeping sea,
Seemed emblems of repose and thee !

I spoke of hope—I spoke of fear ;—
Thy answer was a blush and tear :—
But this was *eloquence* to me,
And more than I had asked of thee !

I looked into thy dewy eye,
And echoed thy half-stifled sigh ;—
I clasped thy hand—and vowed to be
The soul of love and truth to thee !

The scene and hour have past—yet still
Remains a deep-impassioned thrill ;
A sunset glow on memory,
That kindles at each thought of *thee* !

We loved—how wildly and how well,
'Twere worse than idle now to tell :—
From love and life alike *thou* 'rt free,
And *I* am left to think of thee !

Tho' years—long years have darkly sped,
 Since thou wert numbered with the dead;
 In fancy oft thy form I see;
 In dreams, at least, I'm still with thee !

Thy beauty, helplessness, and youth;
 Thy hapless fate—untiring truth;
 Are spells that often touch the key
 Of sweet, harmonious thoughts of thee !

The bitter frown of friends estranged,—
 The chilling straits of fortunes changed;
 All this—and more—thou'st borne for *me*—
 Then how can I be false to thee ?

I never will :—I'll think of thee
 'Till fades the power of memory;
 In weal or woe—in gloom or glee—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee!

MARTYRDOM OF LOUIS XVI.

Croly.

PARIS ! there was no sleep beneath thy roofs
 The morn that saw this deed. The dim streets rung,
 Long before day, with cannon, trampling hoofs,
 And fearfulest of all, the Tocsin's tongue.
 Startling the eye, the passing torches flung
 Their flash thro' many a chamber from beneath,
 Then vanish'd with the thick and hurrying throng;
 While the heart-sinking listener held his breath,
 Catching in every sound the distant roar of death.

But earlier than that dim and early hour
 A lonely taper twinkled thro' the gloom,
 'Twas from the casement of the Temple tower,
 'Twas from a king's, a martyr's, dungeon room !

There he subdued his spirit for its doom ;
And one old priest, and one pale follower,
Knelt weeping, as beside their master's tomb.
Rude was the altar, but the heart was there,
And peace and glorious hope were in that prison
prayer.

But trumpets peal'd, and torches glared below,
And from the Tower rose woman's loud lament
And infant cries ; and shadows seemed to go
With tossing arms, and heads in anguish bent,
Backwards and forwards hurrying, then, as spent,
Sink down, and all be silent for a time ;
Until the royal victims' souls were rent
With some new yell of cruelty and crime,
Or thunder'd thro' the dusk the Tocsin's deadly chime.

And 'twas as wild and still within the square,
This square of Luxury ! The morn arose ;
An iron harvest bristled through the air,
Bayonet and pike in countless, close-rock'd rows.
Silent as Death the crowd,—the grim repose
Before the earthquake ;—none from roof or wall
Might look ; no hand the casement might unclose.
And in their centre, frowning o'er them all,
Their Idol—the sole God before whose name they fall.

The Guillotine !—when Hell prepared the feast,
Where guilty France was drunk, but not with wine,
Till madness sat upon her vision'd breast.
This was the press that crush'd her bloody vine.
To this grim altar came the shuddering line,
Whose worship was,—beneath its knife to lie ;
The haggard traitors to the throne and shrine,
By traitors crush'd, that in their turn must die ;
Till massacre engulphed the wreck of Liberty.

The Guillotine.—It stood in that pale day
Like a huge spectre, just from earth upsprung,
To summon to the tomb the fierce array
That round its feet in desperate homage clung.

But on the wind a sudden trumpet rung.
 All eyes were turn'd, and far as eye could stray,
 Was caught a light, from moving helmets flung,
 A banner tossing in the tempest's sway,
 A wain that thro' the throng slow toil'd its weary way.

'Tis done, the monarch on the scaffold stands ;
 The headsmen grasp him !—Of the myriads there,
 That hear his voice, that see his fetter'd hands,
 Not one has given a blessing or a tear ;
 But that old priest who answers him in prayer.
 He speaks ; his dying thoughts to France are given,
 His voice is drown'd ; for murder has no ear.
 The saint unmurmuring to the axe is driven.
 If ever spirit rose, that heart is calm in Heaven.

* * * *

France was anathema.—Her cup before
 Was full, but this o'ertopp'd its burning brim,
 And plagues like serpent-teeth her entrails tore ;
 Crime slipped to ravage thro' a land of crime !
 In the sack'd sepulchre caroused the mime !
 On God's high altar sat Idolatry ;
 Before the harlot knelt the nation's prime,
 And sons dragg'd fathers, fathers sons to die ;
 Till Judgment girt the bow on its eternal thigh.

HEAVEN.

Barry Cornwall.

O HEAVEN !—O beautiful and boundless sky !
 Upon whose breast stars and pale planets lie,
 Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
 Mocking with brightning eyes man's vain endeavour !—

Thou radiant wilderness, thro' which the moon
 Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune

Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
 Save what the universal spheres send out
 For aye,—inaudible, tho' vast and deep,—
 Thou world of worlds, within whose arms the sun
 Awakens ; and, when his bright task is done,
 Like a reposing child, lies down to sleep,
 Amongst thy golden bowers !——

————— O gentle Heaven !

Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore,
 Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven,—
 Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
 And nought save unimaginable Love,
 And tenderest Peace (a white and winged dove),
 And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
 And angels breathing in Elysian air
 Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair
 Than Houris pacing soft thro' pathways ever green?—

SONG.

Moore.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
 Steal trembling from mine eye ?
 Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
 Or caught the murmur'd sigh ?
 And can you think my love is chill,
 Nor fix'd on you alone ?
 And can you rend, by doubting still,
 A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move
 Devoutly, warmly true ;
 My life has been a task of love,
 One long, long thought of you.
 If all your tender faith is o'er,
 If still my truth you'll try ;
 Alas ! I know but *one* proof more—
 I'll bless your name, and die !

SONG.

Mitford.

SWEET is the balmy evening hour,
 And mild the glowworm's light,
 And soft the breeze that sweeps the flower
 With pearly dew-drops bright.
 I love to loiter on the hill,
 And catch each trembling ray;—
 Fair as they are, they mind me still
 Of fairer things than they.

What is the breath of closing flowers
 But Feeling's gentlest sigh?
 What are the dew-drops' crystal showers
 But tears from Pity's eye?
 What are the glowworms by the rill
 But Fancy's flashes gay?
 I love them, for they mind me still
 Of one more dear than they.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Gray.

[Thomas Gray was the son of a money-scrivener in London, where he was born in 1716. He was educated at Eton, from whence he removed to Peter-house, Cambridge. In 1738 he entered of the Inner Temple, but never engaged much in the study of law. The following year he accompanied Mr. Horace Walpole in the Tour of Europe, but a difference arising between them, they parted in Italy, in 1741, and Mr. Gray returned to England, where his father died soon after. He now took up his residence chiefly at Cambridge, where in 1768, he became professor of modern history. He died of the gout in 1771.

- “ Antecedent to the *Progress of Poetry*, and to the *Bard*, no such lyrics had appeared. There is not an ode in the English language which is constructed like these two compositions; with such power, such majesty, and such sweetness, with such proportioned pauses and just cadences, with such regulated measures of the verse, with such master principles of lyrical art displayed and exemplified, and at the same time, with such a concealment of the difficulty, which is lost in the softness and uninterrupted flowing of the lines in each stanza, with such a musical magic, that every verse in it in succession dwells on the ear and harmonizes with that which has gone before.
- “ When we look to such beautiful passages in Gray’s odes, as his Indian poet amidst the forests of Chili, or his prophet bard scattering dismay on the array of Edward, and his awe-struck chieftains, on the side of Snowdon—when we regard his elegant taste, not only gathering classical flowers from the Arno and Ilyssus, but revealing glimpses of barbaric grandeur amidst the darkness of Runic mythology—when we recollect his ‘*thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*’—his rich personifications, his broad and prominent images, and the crowning charm of his versification, we may safely pronounce that Johnson’s critical fulminations have passed over his lyrical character with more noise than destruction.”—*T. Campbell.*]

This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I. when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

- ‘ RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ‘ Though fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state.
 ‘ Helm, nor hauberk’s* twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail

* The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’
 Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side*
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo’ster† stood aghast in speechless trance :
 To arms ! cried Mortimer,‡ and couch’d his quivering
 lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Rob’d in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
 • (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
 And with a master’s hand, and prophet’s fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 ‘ Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 ‘ Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
 ‘ O’er thee, oh king ! their hundred arms they wave,
 ‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 ‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
 ‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.
 • Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 ‘ That hush’d the stormy main ;
 ‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ‘ Mountains ! ye mourn in vain
 ‘ Modred, whose magic song
 ‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.

* Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous track which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri : it includes all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

† Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hereford, son-in-law to king Edward.

‡ Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

‘ On dreary Arvon’s* shore they lie,
 ‘ Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :
 ‘ Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 ‘ The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
 ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ‘ Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
 ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 ‘ I see them sit ; they linger yet,
 ‘ Avengers of their native land :
 ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.’

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 “ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race :
 “ Give ample room and verge enough
 “ The characters of hell to trace.
 “ Mark the year, and mark the night,
 “ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 “ The shrieks of death through Berkeley’s roofs that
 ring,
 “ Shrieks of an agonizing king ! †
 “ She-wolf of France, ‡ with unrelenting fangs,
 “ That tearest the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 “ From thee § be born, who o’er thy country hangs
 “ The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him
 wait !
 “ Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 “ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.
 “ Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 “ Low on his funeral couch he lies !||

* The shores of Caernarvonshire, opposite to the Isle of Anglesey.

† Edward II. cruelly butchered in Berkeley Castle.

‡ Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous queen.

§ Triumphs of Edward III. in France.

|| Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 “ A tear to grace his obsequies !
 “ Is the sable warrior * fled ?
 “ Thy son is gone : he rests among the dead.
 “ The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?
 “ Gone to salute the rising morn.
 “ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 “ While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 “ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 “ Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm ;
 “ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
 “ That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening
 prey.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl, †
 “ The rich repast prepare ;
 “ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 “ Close by the regal chair
 “ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 “ A baleful smile upon the baffled guest.
 “ Heard ye the din of battle bray, ‡
 “ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 “ Long years of havock urge their destined course,
 “ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 “ Ye towers of Julius ! § London’s lasting shame,
 “ With many a foul and midnight murder fed.
 “ Revere his consort’s || faith, his father’s ¶ fame,
 “ And spare the meek usurper’s ** holy head !

* Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

† Richard II. was starved to death. The story of his assassination by sir Piers, of Exon, is of much later date.

‡ Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

§ Henry VI., George duke of Clarence, Edward V., Richard duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

|| Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

¶ Henry V.

** Henry VI. very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above, below, the rose of snow, *
 " Twined with her blushing foe we spread :
 " The bristled boar † in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, brothers ! bending o'er the accursed loom,
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof; the thread is spun :)
 " Half of thy heart ‡ we consecrate ;
 " (The web is wove ; the work is done.)"
 " Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 " Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn :
 " In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 " They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 " But oh ! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
 " Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll !
 " Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight,
 " Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 " No more our long-lost Arthur § we bewail :
 " All hail, ye genuine kings ! || Britannia's issue, hail !

" Girt with many a baron bold,
 " Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 " And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 " In bearded majesty, appear :

* The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

† The silver boar was the badge of Richard III. whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of the Boar.

‡ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

§ It was the common belief of the Welsh nation that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

|| Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

‘ In the midst a form divine !
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, *
 ‘ Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, † hear ;
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured
 wings.

‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
 ‘ In buskined ‡ measures move
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ‘ A voice § as of the cherub-choir,
 ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 ‘ And distant warblings || lessen on my ear,
 ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.
 ‘ Fond impious man ! thinkest thou yon sanguine
 cloud,
 ‘ Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
 ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ‘ And warms the nation with redoubled ray.
 ‘ Enough for me : with joy I see
 ‘ The different doom our fates assign :

* Speed relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinsky, ambassador of Poland, says, “ And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture than with the tartnesse of her princelie cheekes.”

† Taliessin, chief of the bards flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

‡ Shakspeare.

§ Milton.

|| The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

‘ Be thine despair and scepter’d care ;
 ‘ To triumph and to die are mine.’

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height,
 Deep in the roaring tide, he plunged to endless night:

ON MAY MORNING.

Milton.

Now the bright morning star, day’s harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

ADDRESSED TO LORD CLARE.

Goldsmith.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
 Never rang’d in a forest, or smok’d in a platter ;
 The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
 The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy ;
 Tho’ my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help re-
 gretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating :
 I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
 To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtû ;
 As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show ;

But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce?

Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.
 To go on with my tale—As I gaz'd on the haunch;
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how and the who, and the where and the
 when,

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone,
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself, enter'd;
 An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the ven'son and me.

'What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!

'Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?'

'Why whose should it be?' cried I, with a founce:

'I get these things often'—but that was a bounce:

'Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation.

'Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.'

'If that be the case then,' cried he, very gay,

'I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.

'To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;

'No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:

' We'll have Johnson and Burke, all the wits will be
 there ;
 ' My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my lord Clare.
 ' And now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
 ' We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
 ' What say you ? a pasty, it shall, and it must,
 ' And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
 ' Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end :
 ' No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear
 friend !'

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
 And the porter and eatables followed behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
 And ' nobody with me at sea but myself ;'
 Though I could not help thinking my gentleman
 hasty,

Yet Johnson and Burke and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day, in due splendour to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine
 (A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
 dumb

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not
 come ;

' For I knew it,' he cried, ' both eternally fail,
 ' The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale ;
 ' But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 ' With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 ' The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 ' They're both of them merry, and authors like you ;
 ' The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge ;
 ' Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.'
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen ;
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen ;

At the sides there was spinach and pudding made hot ;
 In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian,
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish rogue,
 With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his
 brogue.

And, ' Madam,' quoth he, ' may this bit be my poison,
 ' A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 ' Pray, a slice of your liver, though may I be curst
 ' But I've eat of your dinner till I'm ready to burst.'
 ' The tripe,' quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
 ' I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
 ' I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 ' But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all.'
 ' O ho !' quoth my friend, ' he'll come on in a trice,
 ' He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 ' There's a pasty.'—' A pasty !' repeated the Jew :
 ' I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.'
 ' What the de'il mon, a pasty ?' re-echoed the Scot ;
 ' Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that.'
 ' We'll all keep a corner,' the lady cried out ;
 ' We'll all keep a corner,' was echoed about.
 While thus we resolv'd and the pasty delay'd,
 With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;
 A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
 Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out (for who could mistake her ?)
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker :
 And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
 Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
 Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, its but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste ;
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;

At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So perhaps in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake and think slightly of this.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Burns.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of *Ayr*,
 I spy'd a man whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
 His face was furrowed o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou,
 Began the rev'rend sage :
 Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
 Or youthful pleasures rage ;
 Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon thou hast began
 To wander forth with me, to mourn
 The miseries of man.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Outspreading far and wide,
 Where hundreds labour to support
 A haughty lordling's pride ;
 I've seen yon weary winter-sun,
 Twice forty times return :
 And ev'ry time has added proofs,
 That man was made to mourn.

O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time ;
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !
Alternate follies take the sway ;
Licentious passions burn ;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right :
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh ! ill-match'd pair,
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet think not all the rich and great,
Are likewise truly blest ;
But oh ! what crouds in ev'ry land,
All wretched and forlorn,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame !
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Make's countless thousands mourn !

See yonder poor, o'er-labour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil ;

And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind !
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn ?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn !

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast :
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last* !
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn !

O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best !
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

STANZAS.

Neele.

OFT in a smooth and equal flow,
 The brook unruffled glides,
 When shapeless is the depth below,
 And rugged are the sides :
 So life may seem to pass away,
 Without a pang or smart,
 The laugh be loud, the look be gay,
 But comfortless the heart.

By workings small repeated oft,
 Those sides were rugged made,
 The very waves that seem so soft,
 Contributed their aid :
 So too, by frequent, gradual toil,
 A heart is worn away,
 The effort which produced that smile,
 Has lent its help to slay.

THE HAREM.

Byron.

THERE was deep silence in the chamber : dim
 And distant from each other burned the lights,
 And Slumber hovered o'er each lovely limb
 Of the fair occupants.

* * * *

Many and beautiful lay those around,
 Like flowers of different hue and clime and root,
 In some exotic garden sometimes found,
 With cost and care and warmth induced to shoot.
 One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,
 And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit

Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath,
And lips apart, which shewed the pearls beneath.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm ;
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud
The Moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,
As, lightly stirring in her snowy shroud,
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night
All hashfully to struggle into light.

* * * *

A third's all pallid aspect offered more
The traits of sleeping Sorrow, and betrayed
Through the heaved breast the dream of some far shore
Beloved and deplored ; while slowly strayed
(As Night Dew, on a Cypress glittering, tinges .
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark
fringes.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,
Lay in a breathless, hushed, and stony sleep ;
White, cold and pure, as looks a frozen rill,
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep.

* * * *

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

Waller.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but the' exactly round :
So, life we praise, that does excell
Not in much time, but acting well.

FAME.

Butler.

THERE is a tall long-sided dame
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That, like a thin camelion, boards
Herself on air, and eats her words ;
Upon her shoulders wings she wears
Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with ears,
And eyes, and tongues, as poets list,
Made good by deep mythologist.
With these she through the welkin flies,
And sometimes carries truth, oft lies ;
With letters hung like eastern pigeons,
And Mercuries of furthest regions ;
Diurnals writ for regulation
Of lying, to inform the nation ;
And by their public use to bring down
The rate of whetstones in the kingdom.
About her neck a packet-mail,
Fraught with advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And cows of monsters brought to bed ;
Of hail-stones big as pullets' eggs,
And puppies whelp'd with twice two legs ;
A blazing star seen in the west,
By six or seven men at least.
Two trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones ;
But whether both with the same wind,
Or one before and one behind,
We know not ; only this can tell,
The one sounds vilely, the' other well ;
And therefore vulgar authors name
The' one Good, the other Evil, Fame.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

Moore.

THERE is not in this wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;†
Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart !

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green ;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill !
Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were
near,
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve ;
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Ovoca ! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms which we feel in this cold world
should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace !

* “ The Meeting of the Waters ” forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow ; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot, in the year 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Ovoca.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM.

Pope.

[“The *Rape of the Lock*, the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope’s compositions, was occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, rather too familiar, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor’s hair. This, whether stealth or violence, was so much resented, that the commerce of the two families, before very friendly, was interrupted. Mr. Caryl, a gentleman who, being secretary to king James’s queen, had followed his mistress into France, and who, being the author of *Sir Solomon Single*, a comedy, and some translations, was entitled to the notice of a wit, solicited Pope to endeavour a reconciliation by a ludicrous poem, which might bring both the parties to a better temper. In compliance with Caryl’s request, though his name was for a long time marked only by the first and last letter, C—l, a poem of two cantos was written, (1711,) as it is said, in a fortnight, and sent to the offended lady, who liked it well enough to shew it; and with the usual process of literary transactions, the author, dreading a surreptitious edition, was forced to publish it. The event is said to have been such as was desired, the pacification and diversion of all to whom it related.”

Johnson.]

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am’rous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing :—this verse to Caryl, Muse, is due :
 This e’en Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess, could compel
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle ?

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord ?
In tasks so bold can little men engage ?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage ?

Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day :
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed,
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :

“ Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air ;
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priests have taught :
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
Hear and believe, thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd.
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould :

Thence, by a soft transition we repair,
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead :
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire :
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

“ Know farther yet ; whoever, fair and chaste,
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
For, spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

“ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
face,
For life predestined in the gnomes' embrace,
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied ;
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And, in soft sounds, ' your grace ' salutes their ear.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

“ Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart ;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call ;
 Oh, blind to truth ! the sylphs contrive it all.

“ Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of the ruling star
 I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend ;
 But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where :
 Warn'd by thy sylph, oh, pious maid, beware !
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
 Beware of all, but most beware of man !”

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 long,
 Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue,
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;
 Wounds, charms, and ardour, were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd the cosmetic powers.

A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box ;
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;
'The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face :
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes,
The busy sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver'd Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
shone,
But every eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :

Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious Heaven and every power adored ;
But chiefly Love : to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves.
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize :
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
'The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die ;

Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay,
All but the sylph ; with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast :
He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light ;
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
Where every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed ;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand, and thus begun ;
 " Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear ;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day ;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky ;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

“ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison’d essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs :
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs :
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

“ This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserved a watchful spirit’s care :
Some dire disaster, or by force, or sleight ;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom’d that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair,
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta’s care !
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign :
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

“ To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm’d with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

“ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins ;
Be stopp’d in vials or transfix’d with pins ;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye ;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain ;

Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower :
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !”

He spoke : the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair :
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear :
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
 name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
 In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
 Who gave the ball or paid the visit last ;
 One speaks the glory of a British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ;

The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights
At ombre singly, to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore :
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, our four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers, and a forked beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power :
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band ;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand :
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
“ Let spades be trumps !” she said, and trumps they
were.

Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord,
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more manillo forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears ;
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage ;
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
 Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield,
 Now to the baron Fate inclines the field :
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride :
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread,
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his di'monds pours apace ;
 The embroider'd king who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen with powers combined,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green,
 Thus, when dispersed, a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit and of various dye :
 The pierced battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps : one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh shameful chance !) the queen of hearts.
 At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
 She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin and codille.
 And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate ;
 An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
 Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky :
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide ;
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band :
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd ;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth ; desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !—
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly paid for Nisus' injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bent her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair !
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought,

As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide
To enclose the lock ; now joins it to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever !

Then flash'd the livid lightning from her eyes,
And streams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last !
Or when rich china vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie.

“ Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine !
(The victor cried) : the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair ;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze :
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate :
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy,
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?”

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreadful east is all the wind that blows,
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne : alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd :
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is fill'd : her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shews in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show,
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids ;
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms of Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout ;
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks ;
Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand ;
Then thus address'd the power : " Hail, wayward
queen,

Who rule the sex from fifty to fifteen :
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others, scribble plays :
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh ! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple in a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,

Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
 Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
 Or e'er to costive lap-dogs gave disease,
 Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin :
 That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome, rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent,
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 " O wretched maid !" she spread her hands and
 cried,

(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid!' replied),
 " Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound ?
 For this with torturing irons wreathed around ?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
 Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare ?
 Honour forbid ! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost !

How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend !
 And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
 Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow !
 Sooner let air, earth, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all !"

She said ; then raging to sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs :
 (Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane ;)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out :—" My Lord, why, what the
 devil ?

Z—ds ! d—n the lock : 'fore gad, you must be civil !
 Plague on't, 'tis past a jest—nay, pr'ythee, pox !
 Give her the hair !" —he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

" It grieves me much," replied the peer again,
 " Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain :
 But, by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair ;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew ;)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear !"
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
 The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome ! forbears not so ;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half languishing, have drown'd in tears ;
 On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which with a sigh, she raised ; and thus she said :

" For ever cursed be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away.

Happy ! ah ! ten times happy, had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
Oh ! had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea !
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
Oh ! had I staid, and said my prayers at home.
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell ;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell :
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A sylph ! too, warn'd me of the threats of fate
In mystic visions, now believed too late !
See the poor remnant of these slighted hairs !
My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own ;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh ! hadst thou, cruel ! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !"

CANTO V.

SHE said : the pitying audience melt in tears ;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails ?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido raged in vain.

Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan !
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began.

“ Say, why are beauties praised and honour’d most,
The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast ?
Why deck’d with all that land and sea afford ?
Why angels call’d, and angel-like adored ?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
beaux ?

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows ?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains ;
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face !
Oh ! if to dance all night and dress all day,
Charm’d the small-pox, or chas’d old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ?
To patch, nay, ogle, may become a saint ;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;
Curl’d or uncurl’d, since locks will turn to grey ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still whate’er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.”

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued :
Belinda frown’d, Thalestris call’d her prude.
“ To arms, to arms !” the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes’ and heroines’ shouts confusedly rise,
And base and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found ;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
 way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
 Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.

“ O, cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,”
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast ;—
 “ Those eyes are made so killing—” was his last.
 Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
 The expiring swan, and, as he sings, he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair ;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
 Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued :
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;

The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust,
 Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
 In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shall be laid as low.
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah! let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive!"

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around,
 'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
 With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd;
 So heaven decrees: with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in pondrous vases,
 And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound:
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes ;
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view) :
A sudden star it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence the egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, and set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

DESERTED WOMAN.

Moore.

WHEN first I met thee warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.

I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver ! go ;
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou should'st break it.

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled the' unwelcome story,
Or found in ev'n the faults they blam'd,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong or slight thee :
The heart that now thy falsehood rends
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go deceiver ! go,
Some day perhaps thou'lt waken,
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Ev'n now though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee,
The few who lov'd thee once have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
The midnight cup is pledged to slaves ;
No genial ties enwreath it :
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go ! go ! though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendour.

And days may come, thou false one, yet,
When ev'n those ties shall sever ;
When thou wilt call with vain regret
On her thou'st lost for ever ;

For her who in thy fortune's fall
With smiles had still received thee ;
And gladly died to prove thee all,
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go ! go ! 'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

A SERENE WINTER'S NIGHT.

Shelley.

How beautiful this Night ! The balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread
To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow ;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend
So stainless, that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam ; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
So idly, that wrapt Fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of Peace,—all form a scene
Where musing SOLITUDE might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness ;
Where SILENCE undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still !——

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Montgomery.

SHALL man of frail fruition boast ?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most
A momentary year ?

There was a time,—that time is pass'd,
When, Youth ! I bloomed like thee ;
A time will come,—'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me :

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn ;
For ah ! the sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In Infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer, my youth, succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And Pleasure held the reins till noon,
But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came Manhood's sober reign,
My harvest-moon scarce filled her horn
When she began to wane.

Then followed Age, infirm Old Age,
The winter of my year,
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere !

I long to cast the chains away
That bind me down to earth ;
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
And start to second birth.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till nature yields her breath,
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And man is born in death !

THE LAST TEAR.

Anonymous.

SHE had done weeping, but her eyelash yet
Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,
And on its fringe a tear, like a lone star
Shining upon the rich and hyacinth skirts
O' the western cloud that veils the April even.—

The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glitt'ring above the gleam of tender blue,
That widen'd as the show'r clears off from Heaven.
Her beauty woke—a sudden beam of soul
Flash'd from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and exhaled the tear.

A NIGHT SCENE.

Byron.

THE music, and the banquet, and the wine—
The garlands, the rose odours, and the flowers—
The sparkling eyes and flashing ornaments—
The white arms and the raven hair—the braids
And bracelets ; swanlike bosoms, and the necklace,
An India in itself, yet dazzling not

The eye like what it circled ; the thin robes
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze and Heaven ;
The many-twinkling feet so small and sylph-like,
Suggesting the more secret symmetry
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,
Its false and true enchantments—art and nature,
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that drank
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's
On Arab sands the false mirage, which offers
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,
Are gone :—Around me are the stars and waters—
Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass,
And the great element which is to space
What ocean is to earth spreads its blue depths,
Softened with the first breathings of the spring ;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,
Whose porphyry pillars and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the Orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed,
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point on Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. —————

TO THE CLOUDS.

Barton.

YE glorious pageants ! hung in air
To greet our raptur'd view ;
What in creation can compare
For loveliness, with you ?

This earth is beautiful, indeed,
And in itself appeals
To eyes that have been taught to read
The beauties it reveals.

Its giant mountains, which ascend
To your exalted sphere,
And seem at times with you to blend
In majesty austere :

Its lovely valleys, forests vast ;
Its rivers, lakes, and seas ;
With every glance upon them cast,
The sight, the sense must please.

When through the eastern gates of heav'n
The sun's first glories shine ;
Or when his gentlest beams are giv'n
To gild the day's decline ;

All glorious as that orb appears,
His radiance still would lose
Each gentle charm, that most endears,
Without your soft'ning hues.

When these with his refulgent rays
Harmoniously unite,
Who on your splendid pomp can gaze,
Nor feel a hush'd delight ?

'Tis then, if to the raptur'd eye
Her aid the fancy brings,
In you our vision can descry
Unutterable things !

Not merely mountains, cliffs, and caves,
Domes, battlements, and towers,
Torrents of light, that fling their waves
O'er coral rocks and bowers ;

Not only what to man is known
In nature or in art ;
But objects which on earth can own
No seeming counterpart.

As once the Seer in Patmos saw
Heaven's op'ning door reveal'd,
And scenes inspiring love and awe
To his rapt sight unseal'd :

So, in a faint and low degree,
Through your unfoldings bright,
Phantoms of glory yet to be
Dawn on the wond'ring sight.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Barrett.

WHERE flowrets hung reflected o'er the brook,
A harmless butterfly my path beset ;
Itself a flying flower, and pinions shook,
Of starry gold, and azure edged with jet.
Abrupt I caught it, and a pinion tore,
The mangled thing into a lily fell ;
Nor all my nurture could its soul restore,
Nor all the dewy odours of the bell,
It died within the flower it loved so well.
Thus nymphs untreasured of fair virtue, lie
Forlorn amid their native vales, and die.

GRONGAR HILL.

Dyer.

[John Dyer, the son of a solicitor at Aberglasney, in Caermarthenshire, was born in 1700. He was educated at Westminster school, and returned from thence to be instructed in his father's profession, but left it for poetry and painting; and

having studied the arts of design under a master, was for some time, as he says, an itinerant painter in Wales. Dividing his affections, however, between the sister Muses, he indited his *Grongar Hill* amidst those excursions. It was published about his twenty-seventh year. He afterwards made the tour of Italy in the spirit both of an artist and poet, and, besides studying pictures and prospects, composed a poem on the Ruins of Rome. On his return to England he married a lady of the name of Ensor, a descendant of Shakspeare, retired into the country, and entered into orders. His last preferment was to the living of Kirkly on Bane. The witticism on his *Fleece*, related by Dr. Johnson, that its author, if he was an old man, would be buried in woollen, has perhaps been oftener repeated than any passage in the poem itself. He died in 1758.

“*Grongar Hill* is the happiest of his productions: it is not indeed very accurately written; but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise are so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that when it is once read, it will be read again.”—*Johnson*.]

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beyond the noise of busy man ;
 Painting fair the form of things,
 While the yellow linnet sings ;
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Charms the forests with her tale ;
 Come, with all thy various hues,
 Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;
 Now, while Phœbus riding high
 Gives lustre to the land and sky !
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
 Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
 Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells ;
 Grongar in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wide and wider spreads the vale ;
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate,
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
But the gay the open scene,
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow ;
And swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering to the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks !

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose rugged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps :
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now the' apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state ;
But transient is the smile of fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep !

Thus in nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landscape tire the view ?
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody valleys, warm and low ;
 The windy summit, wild and high,
 Roughly rushing on the sky !
 The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
 The naked rock, the shady bower ;
 The town and village, dome and farm,
 Each give each a double charm,
 As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the hedges lie !
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
 A step methinks may cross the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem ;
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd through hope's deluding glass ;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see :
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
 For, while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul :
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
 And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings :
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full ye courts ; be great who will ;
 Search for peace with all your skill ;
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor ;
 In vain you search, she is not there ;
 In vain you search the domes of care !
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side :
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

APOSTROPHE TO SPRING.

Milman.

ALAS, delicious Spring ! God sends thee down
 To breathe upon his cold and perish'd works
 Beauteous revival ; earth should welcome thee,
 Thee and the west wind, thy smooth paramour,
 With the soft laughter of her flowery meads,
 Her joys, her melodies. The prancing stag
 Flutters the shivering fern, the steed shakes out
 His mane, the dewy herbage silver-webb'd
 With frank step trampling ; the wild goat looks down
 From his empurpled bed of heath, where break

The waters deep and blue with crystal gleams
Of their quick-leaping people : the fresh lark
Is in the morning sky, the nightingale
Tunes evensong to the dropping waterfall.
Creation lives with loveliness, all melts
And trembles into one mild harmony.
Man, only harsh and inharmonious man,
Strews for thy delicate feet the battle field,
Makes all thy smooth and flowing airs to jar
With his hoarse trumpeting, scares thy sweet light
With gleams of violent and angry brass.

SUNSET.

Carrington.

THE zenith spreads
Its canopy of sapphire, but the West
Has a magnificent array of clouds ;
And, as the breeze plays on them, they assume
The forms of mountains, castled cliffs, and hills,
And shadowy glens, and groves, and beetling rocks,
And some, that seem far off, are voyaging
Their sun-bright path in folds of silver :—some
In golden masses float, and others have
Edgings of burning crimson.—Isles are seen,
All lovely, set within an emerald sea,
And there are dyes in the rich heavens,—such
As sparkle in the grand and gorgeous plume
Of Juno's favorite bird, or deck the scal'd
And wreathing serpent.

Never, from the birth
Of Time, were scatter'd o'er the glowing sky
More splendid colourings. Every varying hue
Of every beautiful thing on earth,—the tints
Of heaven's own IRIS,—all are in the West
On this delicious eve.

Behind the green
 And billowy horizon, once more sinks
 The traveller of six thousand years. A wide
 And deep-felt pause prevails ;—the peaceful sway
 Of Twilight is begun. Bright Morning calls
 The world to action, and the tyrant SUN,
 With beam intense, sweeps o'er it, sparing not
 Earth's toiling millions ; but sweet Evening brings
 Her gentle airs to renovate the globe,
 And (as the insatiate orb has drank the streams)
 Sprinkles her liberal dews, and with a *hush*
 Comes on, that her beloved may have rest—
 The sons of toil,

The fiercely brilliant streaks
 Of crimson disappear, but o'er the hills
 A flush of orange hovers, softening up
 Into harmonious union with the blue
 That comes a sweeping down, for Twilight hastes
 To dash all other colours from the sky
 But this, her favorite azure. Even now
 The East displays its palely-beaming stars,
 With the mild, radiating Moon : and thus
 There is no end to all thy prodigies,
 O Nature !

KNOW THYSELF.

Arbuthnot.

WHAT am I ? how produced ? and for what end ?
 Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?
 Am I the abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
 Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance ?
 Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
 And of unthinking substance, born with thought ?
 By motion which began without a cause,
 Supremely wise, without design or laws ?

Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood ?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood ?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides ;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they :
This frame, compacted with transcendant skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes ; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mouldering mass sustains ;
The mansion changed, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then ? sure of a noble birth ;
By parent's right, I own as mother, Earth ;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd the unthinking clod with heavenly fire ;
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd :
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll :
What steady powers their endless motions guide
Through the same trackless paths of boundless void !
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale ;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glittering trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind :
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reasoning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he,
If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,

Lured by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The towering lark, thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast ;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth ;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes exposed,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king deposed.
Pity him, beasts ! you by no law confined,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind ;
Whilst man, through opening views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays ;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste ;
Balk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flattering future still must give the joy :
Not happy, but amused upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
Around me, lo ! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their different paths pursue ;
Of them I ask the way ; the first replies,
" Thou art a god ;" and sends me to the skies :
" Down on the turf," the next, " two-legged beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest ;"
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.

" Almighty Power, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand ;
Take this faint glimmering of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day !"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays ;

The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue.

“ O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way :
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told'st me what those mystic tokens meant ;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
'Their systems false, delusive were their dreams ;
Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
One nursed my pleasure, and one nursed my pride ;
These jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.”
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree,
What thou once wert, art now and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree ;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare power to sin, since free of will :
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has power to walk has power to rove :
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve ;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light ;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill :
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defaced,
In nature changed, from happy mansions chased,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heavenly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;
Repast ill-suited to such different guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes :
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deserved, or baulk'd, or gratified,

Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd.
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod ;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God ;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy !
Mysterious passage ! hid from human eyes !
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise ;
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide ;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

MEMORY.

Moore.

THERE'S a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long ;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its roses I never forget,
But oft when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think,—is the nightingale singing there yet ?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer ?

NO, the roses soon wither that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly
they shone,
But a dew was distill'd from the flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was
gone.
Thus memory draws from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year,
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE,

IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Coleridge.

[Besides the rivers of Arvé and Arveiron, which have their sources in the foot of Mount Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides; and within a few paces of the glaciers, the gentiana major grows in immense numbers, with its 'flowers of loveliest blue.']

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
 The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial black,
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
 I worship'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
 thoughts,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy:
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there,
 As in her natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest ! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale !
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's Rosy Star, and of the dawn
Coherald ! wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
“ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ? ”

Ye ice-falls ! Ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—
God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing, ye meadow streams, with gladsome voice !
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye lively flowers that skirt the' eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
 Ye signs and wonders of the element !
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !
 Once more, hoar mount ! with thy sky-pointing
 peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
 Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
 Thou too again, stupendous mountain ! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
 Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

Thomson.

[The *Seasons*, and still more the *Castle of Indolence*, entitle Thomson to be ranked among the good English Poets : nor should it be forgotten that the song of *Rule Britannia* is his, a song which will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power.—So egregiously lazy was Thomson that he has been seen standing at a peach tree, with both hands in his pockets, eating the fruit as it grew. And once, being discovered

in bed at a very late hour in the day, when he was asked why he did not rise, his answer was, "Troth mon I hae nae motive."

"To the *Castle of Indolence* Thomson brought not only the full nature but the perfect art of a poet. The materials of that exquisite poem are derived originally from Tasso; but he was more immediately indebted for them to the *Fairy Queen*, and, in meeting with the paternal spirit of Spenser, he seems as if he were admitted more intimately to the home of inspiration. There he redeemed the *jejune* ambition of his style, and retained all its wealth and luxury without the accompaniment of ostentation. Every stanza of that charming allegory, at least of the whole first part of it, gives out a group of images from which the mind is reluctant to part, and a flow of harmony which the ear wishes to hear repeated."—*Campbell.*]

ADVERTISEMENT.

This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the stile of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems writ in our language; just as in the French the stile of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in tales, and familiar epistles, by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV.

CANTO I.

The castle-hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an antient date;

And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
 For, tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late ;
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,*
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half im-
 brown'd,
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne† cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,‡
 From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
 That as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep :
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

* *Bale*, sorrow, trouble. † *Ne*, nor. ‡ *Kest*, cast.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ;
 Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
 As Idless* fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
 And up the hills on either side a wood,
 Of blackening pines ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard,
 to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was :
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky :
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
 But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phoebus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night :
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's
 estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass there by :
 For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
 The freshness of this valley smote their eye,

* *Idless*, idleness.

And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
Till clustering round the' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody ;
While o'er the' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung :

“ Behold ! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold !
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay :
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May !
What youthful bride can equal her array !
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie !
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

“ Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats ! that from the flowering
thorn,
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove :
They neither plow, nor sow ; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove ;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

“ Outcast of nature, man ! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain :
For when hard-hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astræa left the plain ;
Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers
ran.

" Come, ye, who still the cumbrous load of life
 Push hard up hill ; but as the farthest steep
 You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
 And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 For ever vain ; come, and withouten fee,
 I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
 Your cares, your toils ; will steep you in a sea
 Of full delight : O come, ye weary wights, to me !

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,
 To pass the joyless day in various stounds ;*
 Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds ;
 Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
 To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds ;
 Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
 In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

" No cocks with me to rustic labour call,
 From village on to village sounding clear ;
 To tardy swains no shrill-voic'd matrons squall ;
 No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear ;
 No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith sear,
 Ne noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
 With sounds that are a misery to hear :
 But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent ease,
 Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down :
 They who are pleas'd themselves must always
 please ;
 On other's ways they never squint a frown,

* *Stound*, misfortune, pang.

Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense ;
For interest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

“ What, what is virtue but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm that knows no storm ;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm !
But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
Across the' enliven'd skies, and make them still more
gay.”

“ The best of men have ever loved repose ;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour grows,
Imbittered more from peevish day to day.
Even those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
The most renowned of worthy wights of yore,
From a base world at last have stolen away :
So SCIPIO, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

“ But if a little exercise you chuse,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year ;
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude : the whilst, amus'd, you hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
sigh,
Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

“ O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 And gives the’ untasted portion you have won,
 With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
 To those who mock you gone to Pluto’s reign,
 There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun :
 But sure it is of vanities most vain,
 To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.”

He ceas’d. But still their trembling ears retain’d
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
 That by a kind of magic power, constrain’d
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng.
 Heaps pour’d on heaps, and yet they slip along,
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver’d with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays* through airy portal stream :

By the smooth demon so it order’d was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began :
 Tho’ some there were who would not further
 pass,
 And his alluring baits suspected han.†
 The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
 Yet through the gate they cast a wishful eye :
 Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can ;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leapt upon them strait ;
 And soon as touch’d by his unhallow’d paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed gate ;

* *Fays*, fairies.

† *Han*, have.

Full hard to be repass'd, like that of fate.
Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
Who sought to pull high Jove from regal state ;
Though feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,
Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter rue :

For whomsoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their sinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is seized in some losel's* hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

Wak'd by the croud, slow from his bench arose,
A comely full-spread porter, swol'n with sleep :
His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
Through which his half-wak'd soul would faintly
peep.

Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this same limber page to all performed it.

* *Losel*, a loose idle fellow.

Meantime the master-porter wide display'd
 Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns ;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
 And waves the summer-woods when evening
 frowns.

O fair undress, best dress ! it checks no vein,
 But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
 And heightens ease with grace. This done, right
 fain,

Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the court up-threw
 A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly dew :
 There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
 It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare :
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge pleasaunce
 grew,

And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care ;
 Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams
 more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten tromp was proclamation made :
 " Ye sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will ;
 And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade !
 Be no man's pleasure for another's staid ;
 Let each as likes him best his hours employ,
 And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade !
 Here dwells kind ease and unreprieving joy :
 He little merits bless who others can annoy."

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming round,
 As thick as idle motes in sunny ray,
 Not one eftsoons in view was to be found,
 But every man stroll'd off his own glad way.

Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray ;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd :
So that to think you dream'd you almost was constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the *Hebrid Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles ;
Or that the ærial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phoebus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro :
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
show.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound !
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the widely-silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days,
In this soul-deadening place, loose-loitering ?
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted wing ?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire !
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire ;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre ;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Dashing corruption down thro' every worthless age.

* Those islands on the western coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.

The doors, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand,
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land ?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band ;
And endless pillows rise to prop the head ;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling bed.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd ;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round :
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Even undemanded by a sign or sound ;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses play'd.

Here freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor saintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why ? there was but one great rule for all ;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale ;
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale :
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart ;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart ;
While flocks, woods, streams, around repose and peace
impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age ;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed ;
Bless'd sons of Nature they ! true golden age indeed !

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls :
Now the black tempest strikes the' astonish'd eyes ;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies ;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies ;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
Entangled deep in its enchanting snares,
The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind ;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But sidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd ;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight :
Whence, with just cause, the Harp of Æolus is hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the strings so fine?
 Who up the lofty diapason roll
 Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 Then let them down again into the soul?
 Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dole
 They breath'd, in tender musings, thro' the heart;
 And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
 As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
 Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,
 Of Caliphs old, who on the 'Tigris' shore,
 In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
 Held their bright court, where was of ladies
 store;
 And verse, love, music still the garland wore:
 When sleep was coy,* the bard, in waiting there,
 Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
 Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
 And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
 And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the wizard) wintry storms to swell,
 As heaven and earth they would together mell:
 At doors and windows, threatening, seem'd to call
 The demons of the tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
 Whence sweeter grew our sleep, secure in massy
 hall.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
 O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,

* The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

And shed a roseate smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space ;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As loose on flowery beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions ! artful phantoms, no !
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
She has no colours that like you can glow ;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these same guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft and bland,
Pour'd all the' Arabian Heaven upon our nights,
And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd de-
lights.

They were, in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Even feigning virtue ; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils delight ;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down down black gulphs, where sullen waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep ;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence
to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight gloom :
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom :
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart :
But chief, a while O ! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

Or are you sportive ?—Bid the morn of youth
 Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
 Of innocence, simplicity, and truth ;
 To cares estrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
 What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
 Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd ;
 The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
 Of the wild brooks !—But, fondly wandering wide,
 My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide.

One great amusement of our household was,
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill earth ; where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taste :
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

Of Vanity the Mirror this was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the town might see,
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
 Most like to carcase patch'd on gallow-tree.
 “ A penny saved is a penny got : ”
 Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will be bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his pot.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
 The silly tenant of the summer air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
 Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
 And thieving tradesmen him among them share :
 His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage ;
Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore ?
To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless worldly
store.

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all :
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew :
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At every door hark, how they thundering call !
Good Lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming night ?

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
rear'd
The' important shoulder ; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward set.
No sooner Lucifer * recals affairs,
Then forth they various rush in mighty fret !
When lo ! push'd up to power, and crown'd their
cares,
In comes another set and kicketh them down stairs.

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife :
Most Christian kings, inflam'd by black desire,

* The Morning Star.

With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force re-
store.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task ;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row ;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark :
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark,
As soot * this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;
But these his talents were ybury'd stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting sound :
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found :
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound ;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many a day.

* Soot, sweet, or sweetly.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd :
Oft as he travers'd the cærulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd in silent walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyder still, who quite detested talk :
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'er-shadowing oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wandered all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven ! the
day is done."

Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chaunc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night :
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

But not even pleasure to excess is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the' abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which hesweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with trump profound ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad :
Him through their inmost walks the muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent.

“ Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue, come !
But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade,
To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :
We then a lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY PARK.”

Here whilom ligg'd the' Esopus* of the age ;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force the' enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the' enlighten'd
judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems ;
† Who void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat ;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
He loath'd much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chaunc'd to trippen by ;
Which when observ'd he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat every nation's cares :

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this Stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court :
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knôt, to twist, to range the vernal bloom :
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time :
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing ly reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the wind.

Now must I mark the villainy we found,
But ah ! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground ;
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown ;
Far from the light of heaven, they languish'd there
Unpity'd, uttering many a bitter groan ;
For of those wretches taken was no care :
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses were.

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toss'd away.
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep opprest,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,

Heaving his sides, and snored night and day ;
 To stir him from his trance it was not eath,*
 And his half-open'd eyne he shut straightway :
 He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
 breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
 Unwieldy man ; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery supply ;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
 Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
 a wit.

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
 Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :
 She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
 All the diseases which the spittles know,
 And sought all physic which the shops bestow,
 And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
 Her humour ever wavering to and fro :
 For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
 cry,
 Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd,
 With aching head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
 Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
 Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
 And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings ;
 The sleepless Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
 A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings ;
 Whilst Apoplexy cramm'd intemperance knocks
 Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

* *Eath*, easy.

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair ;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crown'd were.

ESCAP'D the castle of the sire of sin,
Ah where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who sink and moil ;
But a fell tribe the' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee :
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shews her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great Children* leave :
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song ;
 Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
 Dragging the lazy languid line along,
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
 Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
 Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
 To sweep away this human lumber came,
 Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
 Of feature stern, Selvagio well yclep'd ;
 A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
 But wond'rous poor ; he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
 Ne stores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;
 In hunting all his days away he wore ;
 Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
 Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
 He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
 Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
 Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
 With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
 That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,
 Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;
 There, up to earn the needments of the day,
 He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy :
 Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
 And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
 Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed,
 THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
 Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;
 He knew no beverage but the flowing stream ;
 His tasteful well-earn'd food the silvan game,
 Or the brown fruit with which the wood-lands
 teem :
 The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run :
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son ;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,*
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every science, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
Disclosing all the powers of head and heart :
Ne were the goodly exercises spar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elastic force with firmness hard :
Was never knight on ground mote be with him
compar'd.

Sometimes with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the roseate breath of orient day ;
Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
He strain'd the bow, or toss'd the sounding spear,
Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough com-
peer.

At other times he pry'd through nature's store,
Whate'er she in the' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns ;

* *Wonne*, (a noun) dwelling.

Or else he scann'd the globe, those small domains,
Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;
But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd from
sleep
Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
Of heavenly truth, and practice what she taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught ;
Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd ocean
pool.

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvass into life ;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic strife ;
Or, to such shapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble ; or with vary'd fire,
He rous'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
Or verses fram'd that well may wake Apollo's lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issu'd,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;
The work, which long he in his breast had brew'd,
Now to perform he ardent did devise ;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;
Nought to be seen but savage wood, and skies ;
No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man :
On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd :
The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;
In every country mighty robbers sway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger made
To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it should no more be so !

It would exceed the purport of my song,
To say how this *best Sun*, from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden
times,
Successive, had ; but now in ruins grey
They ly, to slavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir INDUSTRY then spread
The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
A sylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown shades and green-wood forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most ;
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the
glade ;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;
Save spear and bow, withouten other aid ;
Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries) ;
This, whilst my labours LIBERTY sustains,

This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and persevering pains ;
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming heaven with kindest, firmest
hand.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever arts and industry can frame ;
Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts ! from heaven itself who came,
When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame :
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :
Nature and art at once, delight and use combin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;
Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores ;
Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores,
While o'er the' encircling deep Britannia's thunder
roars.

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
From the fam'd city* by Prepontic sea,
What time the Turk the' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd ;
Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them free,
And brought them to another Castalie,
Where Isis many a famous noursling breeds ;
Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lee
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd
feeds.

* Constantinople.

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why ? they are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring time, and slow encreast ;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
 Up to the sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting thought may
 thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but please :
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou knowest they ask no other
 fees.

But now, alas ! we live too late in time :
 Our patrons now even grudge that little claim,
 Except to such as sleek the soothing rhyme ;
 And yet, forsooth, they wear MÆCENAS' name,
 Poor sons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
 Unbroken spirits chear ! still, still remains
 The' Eternal Patron, LIBERTY ; whose flame,
 While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
 The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
 A matchless form of glorious government,
 In which the sovereign laws alone command,
 Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
 Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent ;
 When this great plan, with each dependent art,
 Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
 Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
 And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the
 heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
 Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
 In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
 Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.

The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and chear'd his blest domain :

His days, the days of unstain'd nature roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriots of old.

Witness, ye lowing herds who gave him milk ;
Witness ye flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk ;
Witness, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath sweet evening's star,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O hide thy head abominable war !

Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child !
From Heaven this life ysprung, from Hell thy glories
vild !*

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
The' amusing care of rural industry.
Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,
And all the' enliven'd country beautify :
Gay plains extend where marshes slept before ;
O'er recent meads the' exulting streamlets fly ;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store,

And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the
shore.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand :
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach ;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.

* *Vild*, vile.

In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
 Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd :
 Here too brisk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
 An happy place : where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for ay ?
 That soul-enfeebling wizzard INDOLENCE,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay :
 Spread far and wide for his curs'd influence ;
 Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
 Even much of private ; eat our spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious vices ; whence
 The land was overlaid with many a lout ;
 Not, as old fame reports, wise, generous, bold, and
 stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd every breast,
 Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran :
 To his licentious wish each must be bless'd,
 With joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
 Thus Vice the standard rear'd ; her arrier-ban
 Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar
 man,
 The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord ?
 Enjoy this span of life ! 'tis all the gods afford."

The tidings reach'd, to where in quiet hall,
 The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
 " Come, come Sir Knight ! thy children on thee
 call ;
 Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close ;
 The demon INDOLENCE thy toil o'erthrows."
 On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening snows
 Of venerable eld ; his eye full speaks
 His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
 breaks.

I will (he cried), so help me, God ! destroy
 That villain Archimage.*——His page then strait
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
 Benempt† Dispatch. “ My steed be at the gate ;
 My bard attend ; quick, bring the net of Fate.”
 This net was twisted by the sisters three ;
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch, too
 late

Repentance comes : replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
 Of wither'd aspect ; but his eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
 As is his sister in the copses green,‡
 He crept along, unpromising of mien.
 Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
 Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.§
 True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
 Dwells in the mind : all else is vanity and glare.

Come, (quoth the Knight), a voice has reach'd
 mine ear :
 The demon INDOLENCE threats overthrow
 To all that to mankind is good and dear :
 Come, PHILOMELUS ; let us instant go,
 O'erturn his bowers, and lay his castle low.
 Those men, those wretched men, who will be slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe :
 But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
 Shall raise. Thrice happy he ! who without rigor
 saves.

* *Archimage*, the chief, or greatest of magicians or enchanters.

† *Benempt*, named.

‡ The Nightingale.

§ *Sheen*, bright, shining.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his steed,
 Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
 Shone blazing bright: sprung from the generous
 breed
 That whirl of active day the rapid car,
 He pranc'd along, disdaining gate or bar.
 Mean-time, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode ;
 An honest sober beast, that did not mar
 His meditations, but full softly trode :
 And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere* they yode.†

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliss ;
 What else so fit for man to settle well ?
 And still their long researches met in this,
 This truth of truths, which nothing can refel :
 " From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
 Sweet rills of thought that chear the conscious
 soul ;
 While vice pours forth the troubled streams of
 hell,
 The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
 Will through the tortur'd breast their fiery torrent
 roll."

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
 O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their summits
 rear.
 On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
 And spite even of themselves their senses chear ;
 Then to the vizard's wonne their steps they steer.
 Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread,
 With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
 And tufted groves to shed the meadow-bed,
 Sweet airs and song: and without hurry all seem'd
 glad.

* Yfere, together. † Yode, (preter tense of yede) went.

“ As God shall judge me, Knight, we must forgive,
 (The half-enraptur'd PHILOMELUS cry'd,)
 The frail good man deluded here to live,
 And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
 Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
 That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
 And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
 But that our charity be not too nice?
 Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.”

“ Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight), all flesh is frail,
 To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent ;
 But let not brutish vice of this avail,
 And think to scape deserved punishment.
 Justice were cruel weakly to relent ;
 From Mercy's self she got her sacred glaive :
 Grace be to those who can, and will repent ;
 But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
 Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit lave.”

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
 The cursed carle was at his wonted trade ;
 Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
 In witching wise, as I before have said
 But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
 The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
 And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
 His count'nance fell ; yet oft his anxious eye
 Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock doth
 spy.

Nathless,* with feign'd respect, he bade give back,
 The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind ;
 Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
 His orders to obey, and fall behind.

* *Nathless*, nevertheless.

As of infernal sprights in cavern bound ;
 A solemn sadness every creature strook,
 And lightning's flash'd, and horror rock'd the
 ground ;
 Huge crouds on crouds out-pour'd, with blemish'd
 look,
 As if on times last verge this frame of things had
 shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
 Sir INDUSTRY the first calm moment stole.
 " There must, (he cry'd,) amid so vast a shoal,
 Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
 Not poison'd quite by this same villain's bowl :
 Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart :
 'Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit start.

The bard obey'd ; and taking from his side,
 Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
 His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful touch he deffly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the cords his raptur'd hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising song :
 'The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands round
 him throng.

Thus, ardent, burst his strain.—

 " Ye hapless race,
 Dire-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
 That lights our Maker's image in our face,
 And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd sway ;
 What is the' ador'd *supreme perfection*, say ?
 What, but eternal never-resting soul,
 Almighty power, and all-directing day ;
 By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll ;
 Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

“ Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold !
 Draw from its fountain life ! ’Tis thence alone,
 We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
 To seraphs burning round the’ Almighty’s throne,
 Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
 Perfection forms, and with perfection bless.
 In universal nature this clear shewn,
 Not needeth proof : to prove it were, I wis,
 To prove the beauteous world excells the brute abyss.

“ Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 A joyous sight more than the green morass ?
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 And fann’d by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
 The foul November-fogs, and slumbrous mass,
 With which sad nature veils her drooping face ?
 Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace ?
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

“ It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 That Greece obtain’d the brighter palm of art,
 That soft yet ardent Athens learn’d to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme ! compleat in every part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o’er the nations shook her conquering dart :
 For sluggard’s brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

“ Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
 But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
 Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 Pleas’d on her pillow their dull heads to lay ;
 Rude nature’s state had been our state to-day ;
 No cities e’er their towery fronts had rais’d,
 No arts had made us opulent and gay ;
 With brother-brutes the human race had graz’d ;
 None e’er had soar’d to fame, none honour’d been,
 none prais’d.

“ Great Homer’s song had never fir’d the breast
 To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
 Sweet Maro’s muse sunk in inglorious rest,
 Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds :
 The wits of modern time had told their beads,
 And monkish legends been their only strains :
 Our Milton’s Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
 Our Shakspeare stroll’d and laugh’d with Warwick
 swains,

Ne had my master Spenser charm’d his Mulla’s plains.

“ Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
 And perish’d all the sons of antient fame ;
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
 Through the dark depth of time their vivid
 flame,
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.
 Who then had scorn’d his ease for others’ good ?
 Who then had toil’d rapacious men to tame ?
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,
 And for his country’s cause been prodigal of blood ?

“ But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
 If right I read, you pleasure all require :
 Then hear how best may be obtain’d this fee,
 How best enjoy’d this nature’s wide desire.
 Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire
 Into your quicken’d limbs her buoyant breath !
 Who does not act is dead ; absorpt entire
 In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath ;
 O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death.

“ Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss ?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,

And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss ;
While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as
day.

“ O who can speak the vigorous joys of health !
Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind :
The morning rises gay ; with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See ! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind ;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds :
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing plea-
saunce breeds ?

“ But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
Come then, my kindred spirits ! do not spill
Your talents here. This place is but a shew,
Whose charms delude you to the den of woe :
Come follow me, I will direct you right,
Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents grow,
Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,
And you will bless the day that brought him to your
sight.

“ Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;
To senates some, and public sage debates,
Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,
The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states ;
To high discovery some, that new-creates
The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
Some to the rural reign, and softer fates ;
To the sweet muses some, who raise the heart :
All glory shall be yours, all nature and all art.

"There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 All may be done, (methinks I hear them say),
 Even death despis'd by generous actions fair;
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,
 Their every power dissolv'd in luxury,
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free,
 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

"Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge threatning difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
 Here to mankind indulg'd: controul desire:
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word—*I will!*—and it is
 done.

"Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful
 wise,
 Your few important days of trial here?
 Heirs of eternity! yborn to rise
 Through endless states of being, still more near
 To bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
 Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 Such glorious hopes, your backward steps to steer,
 And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud and slime?
 No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd hearts disdain the
 sordid crime!"

"Enough! enough!" they cry'd—strait, from the
 croud,

The better sort on wings of transport fly.
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky

Snows pil'd on snows in wintry torpor ly,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 The' awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on high,
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away,
 Glad-warbling through the vales, in their new Being
 gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created men,
 Than that which wings the' exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from this fleshly den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen.
 How light its essence ! how unclogg'd its powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen !
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire mutter'd curses, and blasphem'd high Jove.
 " Ye sons of hate ! (they bitterly exclaim'd),
 What brought you to this seat of peace and love ?
 While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
 We pass'd the harmless sabbath of our time,
 What to disturb it could, fell men, emove
 Your barbarous hearts ? Is happiness a crime ?
 Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven sublime."

" Ye impious wretches (quoth the knight in wrath),
 Your happiness behold !" — Then strait a wand
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden, the landscape sinks on every hand ;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles found ;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd stand ;
 And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature crawls
 around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung :
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltring lay ; or else, infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The funeral dirge, they down the torrent rowl'd :
 These, by distemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves ; whence oft, when night
 controul'd

The world, returning hither their sad spirits howl'd.

Mean-time a moving scene was open laid ;
 That lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
 Depeinted have, its horrors deep display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light the' unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a mile,
 The sick up-rai'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes
 a while.

“ O heaven ! (they cry'd,) and do we once more
 see

Yon blessed sun, and this green earth so fair ?
 Are we from noisome damps of pest-house free ?
 And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air ?
 O thou ! or Knight or god ! who holdest there
 That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains !
 But what for us, the children of despair,
 Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains ?
 Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains.”

The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 “ Certes (quoth he), it is not even in grace
 T' undo the past, and eke your broken years :

Nathless, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
With humble hope, her eye ; to her is given
A power the truly contrite heart that cheers ;
She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven ;
She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

“ Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn’d,
And by these sufferings purify the mind ;
Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn’d ;
Or pious die, with penitence resign’d ;
And to a life more happy and refin’d,
Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
Till then, you may expect in me to find
One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to the
skies.”

They silent heard, and pour’d their thanks in tears.
“ For you (resum’d the Knight with sterner tone),
Whose hard dry hearts the’ obdurate demon sears,
That villain’s gifts will cost you many a groan ;
In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
His fatal charms, and weep your stains away ;
Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
You feel a perfect change : then, who can say,
What grace may yet shine forth in heaven’s eternal
day ?”

This said, his powerful wand he wav’d anew ;
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to wit, of rosy-hue ;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly :
When, lo ! a goodly hospital ascends ;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To see kind hands attending day and night,
With tender ministry, from place to place.
Some prop the head ; some, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds ;
Some reach the healing draught : the whilst, to
chase

The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven dispreeds.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight ; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, sought, of Peace the mossy cell :
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deserts dire to yell ;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were stain'd,
And spreading wide their hands they meek repentance
feign'd.

But, ah ! their scorn'd day of grace was past :
For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild
Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast ;
With gibbets, bones, and carcasses defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture smil'd ;
Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair ;
But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
Thro' which they floundering toil'd with painful
care,
Whilst Phœbus smote them sore, and fir'd the cloud-
less air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd ;
Where nought but putrid streams and noisome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auster's* beard ;

* The South wind.

Or else the ground by piercing Caurus* sear'd,
Was jagged with frost, or heap'd with glazed
snow :

Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds
moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light ;
Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad :
His hollow eyen shook forth a sickly light ;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and
vile ;
Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
Mean-time foul scurf and blotches him defile ;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the
while.

The other was a fell despicable fiend :
Hell holds none worse in baleful bower below :
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd ;
Of Man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blast from boreal snow ;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly
fry.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of brisly swine is prick'd along ;
The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous
song,

* The North-west wind.

And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

THE FAME OF THE MIGHTY.

Shelley.

WHERE is the fame
Which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth
Seek to eternize ? Oh ! the faintest sound
From time's light foot-fall, the minutest wave
That swells the flood of ages, whelms in nothing
The unsubstantial bubble. Aye, to-day
Stern is the tyrant's mandate, red the gaze
That flashes desolation, strong the arm
That scatters multitudes. To-morrow comes !
That mandate is a thunder-peal that died
In ages past ; that gaze, a transient flash
On which the midnight closed, and on that arm
The worm has made his meal.

EVENING BELLS.

Moore.

THOSE evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When first I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a friend that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells :
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
Whilst other Bards shall wake these dells,
And sing thy praise sweet evening bells !

PICTURE OF RURAL LIFE.

Barton.

COME, take thy stand upon this gentle ridge,
Which overlooks yon sweet secluded vale ;
Before us is a rude and rustic bridge,
A simple plank ; and by its side a rail
On either hand, to guide the footsteps frail
Of first or second childhood ; while below
The murmuring brooklet tells its babbling tale,
Like a sweet under-song, which, in its flow,
It chanteth to the flowers that on its margin grow.

For many a flow'ret blossoms there to bless
The gentle loveliness whose charms imbue
Its border ;—strawberry of the wilderness ;
The star-like daisy ; violet brightly blue ;
Pale primrose, in whose cup the pearly dew
Glistens till noon-tide's languid, listless hour ;
And last of all, and sweetest to the view,
The lily of the vale, whose virgin flower
Trembles at every breeze within its leafy bower.

Now glance thine eye along the streamlet's banks
Up through yon quiet valley ; thou wilt trace
Above, the giant mountains in their ranks,
Of bold and varied outline ; little space

Below their summits, far above their base
Umbrageous woods ; and last of all, thine eye
Will rest on many an humble dwelling-place
Of happy human beings ; and descry
The lowly temple where they worship the Most High.

How quietly it stands within the bound
Of its low wall of grey, and mossy stone !
And like a shepherd's peaceful flock around
Its guardian gather'd, — graves, or tombstones
 strown,
Make *their* last narrow resting-places known,
 Who living, lov'd it as a holy spot ;
And, dying, made their deep attachment shown
 By wishing here to sleep when life was not,
That so their turf, or stone, might keep them un-
 forgot !

It is a bright and balmy afternoon,
Approaching unto even-tide ; and all
Is still except that streamlet's placid tune,
 Or hum of bees, or lone wood-pigeon's call,
Buried amid embow'ring forest tall,
 Which feathers, half way up, each hill's steep side :
Dost thou not feel such landscape's soothing thrall ;
 And wish, if not within its bowers t' abide,
At least to explore its haunts, and know what joys
 they hide ?

Nor need'st thou wish a truer luxury
Than in its depths, delighted, thou might'st share ;
I will not say that nought of agony,
 Blest as it is, at times may harbour there,
For man is born to suffer, and to bear :—
 But could I go with thee, from cot to cot,
And show thee how this valley's inmates fare,
 Thou might'st confess, to live in such a spot,
And die there in old age, were no unlovely lot.

BEAUTY.

Akenside.

[Akenside is a didactic poet who has happily indulged himself in bolder flights of enthusiasm, supported by a more figurative style, than was used by Pope. In the *Pleasures of Imagination* we have many striking examples of that poetic spirit, that harmonious and varied versification, and that strength of imagery which alike conspire to excite our admiration of this beautiful poem. The character of Akenside as given by Dr. Johnson is equally unjust with those of Gray, Collins, Mallett, and others, by the same severe critic; and is another proof, if any were wanting, of Johnson's perpetual enmity to blank verse, and his incapability of relishing the beauties, or of appreciating the excellencies of the higher order of British poets. Speaking of Akenside's poems, Johnson says, "when they are found to be generally dull, all further trouble may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised, that will not be read." To this we answer, that *when* that time arrives—and *not till then*—will the critic's prophecy be fulfilled. Let the reader judge for himself.]

Lo ! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
 Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
 Her charms inspire : the freely flowing verse
 In thy immortal praise, O form divine !
 Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty ! thee,
 The regal dome and thy enliv'ning ray
 The mossy roofs adore : thou, better sun !
 For ever beamest on the' enchanted heart
 Love and harmonious wonder, and delight
 Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heav'n !
 How shall I trace thy features ? where select
 The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom ?
 Haste then, my song ! through Nature's wide expanse,
 Haste then and gather all her comeliest wealth,

Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the' Atlantic isles,
And range with him the' Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding thro' his daughter's honour'd shade,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of sylvan pow'rs,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the Golden Age
They play'd in secret on the shady brink
With ancient Pan, while round their choral steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Shower'd blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial dews,
And springs Elysian bloom. Her flow'ry store
To thee nor Tempe shall refuse nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
From thy free spoil. O! bear then unrep'v'd
Thy smiling treasures to the green recess
Where young Dione stays: with sweetest airs
Entice her forth to lend her angel form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footsteps; hither, gentle Maid!
Incline thy polish'd forehead; let thy eyes
Effuse the mildness of their azure dawn,
And may the fanning breezes waft aside
Thy radiant locks, disclosing as it bends
With airy softness from the marble neck
The cheek fair-blooming and the rosy lip,
Where winning smiles and pleasures sweet as Love
With sanctity and wisdom temp'ring blend
Their soft allurement: then the pleasing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care,
Worthier I'd sing; then all the' enamour'd youth,

With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high
Where Beauty's living image, like the Morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May
Moves onward ; or as Venus when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car and smil'd
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cerulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves
To seek the Idalian bow'r. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins ! who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival steps pursue
This charm of beauty, if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of Superstition drest in Wisdom's garb
To damp your tender hopes ; I do not mean
To bid the jealous Thund'rer fire the heav'ns,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth,
To fright you from your joys ; my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your gen'rous ardour in the chase
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers ? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless ? Or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart
Of idle Faith ? O no ! with better cares
The' indulgent mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illustrious image, in each kind
Still most illustrious where the object holds
Its native pow'rs most perfect, she by this
Illumes the headstrong impulse of desire,
And sanctifies his choice. The gen'rous glebe

Whose bosom smiles with verdure, the clear track
Of streams delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And ev'ry charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The' integrity and order of their frame
When all is well within, and ev'ry end
Accomplished. Thus was Beauty sent from Heav'n
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world ; for Truth and Good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation : wherefore then,
O sons of Earth ! would you dissolve the tie ?
O ! wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flow'ry joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flatt'ring scene
Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly ! Wanting these,
Lo ! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And, with the glitt'ring of an idiot's toy,
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that shines upon your hearts
Be chill'd or clouded at the awful task
To learn the lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. Though the pois'nous charms
Of baleful superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns and mire,
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn,
To muse at last amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells,
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart,
Yet be not ye dismay'd : a gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath

Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then should my powerful verse at once dispel
Those monkish horrors, then in light divine
Disclose the' Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom Nature charms thro' blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the' eternal shrine
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join
That godlike band ! and if the gracious pow'r
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting ; whether on the rosy mead,
When Summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurements, whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers Chance and Fate, or whether struck
For sounds of triumph to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise,
To trace her hallow'd light thro' future worlds,
And bless Heav'n's image in the heart of man.

SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Alaric A. Watts.

'Tis said she once was beautiful ;—and still,
(For 'tis not years that can have wrought her ill,)
Deep rays of loveliness around her form
Beam, as the rainbow that succeeds the storm,
Brightens a glorious ruin. In her face,
Though something touched by sorrow, you may trace
The all she was, when first in life's young spring,
Like the gay bee-bird on delighted wing,
She stooped to cull the honey from each flower
That bares its breast in joy's luxuriant bower !
O'er her pure forehead, pale as moonlit snow,
Her ebon locks are parted,—and her brow
Stands forth like morning from the shades of night
Serene, though clouds hang over it. The bright
And searching glance of her Ithuriel eye,
Might even the sternest hypocrite defy
To meet it unappalled ;—'twould almost seem,
As though, epitomized in one deep beam,
Her full collected soul upon the heart,
Whate'er its mask, she strove at once to dart :
And few may brave the talisman that's hid
'Neath the dark fringes of her drooping lid.

Patient in suffering, she has learned the art
To bleed in silence and conceal the smart,
And thence, though quick of feeling, hath been
deemed
Almost as cold and loveless as she seemed ;
Because to fools she never would reveal
Wounds they would prove—without the power to
heal.

No,—whatsoe'er the visions that disturb
The fountain of her thoughts, she knows to curb
Each outward sign of sorrow, and suppress—
Even to a sigh—all tokens of distress.
Yet some, perhaps, with keener vision than
The crowd, that pass her by unnoted, can,
Through well dissembled smiles, at times, discern
A settled anguish that would seem to burn
The very brain it feeds upon ; and when
This mood of pain is on her, then, oh ! then,
A more than wonted paleness of the cheek,—
And, it may be, a flitting hectic streak,—
A tremulous motion of the lip or eye,—
Are all that anxious friendship may descry.

Reserve and womanly pride are in her look,
Though tempered into meekness : she can brook
Unkindness and neglect from those she loves,
Because she feels it undeserved ; which proves
That firm and conscious rectitude hath power
To blunt Fate's darts in sorrow's darkest hour.
Ay, unprovoked, injustice she can bear
Without a sigh—almost without a tear,
Save such as hearts internally will weep,
And they ne'er rise the burning lids to steep ;
But to those petty wrongs which half defy
Human forbearance, she can make reply
With a proud lip, and a contemptuous eye.

There is a speaking sadness in her air,
A hue of languor o'er her features fair,
Born of no common grief ; as though Despair
Had wrestled with her spirit—been o'erthrown,—
And these the trophies of the strife alone.
A resignation of the will, a calm
Deriv'd from pure religion (that sweet balm
For wounded breasts) is seated on her brow,
And ever to the tempest bends she now,

Even as a drooping lily, which the wind
Sways as it lists. The sweet affections bind
Her sympathies to earth ; her peaceful soul
Has long aspired to that immortal goal,
Where pain and anguish cease to be our lot,
And the world's cares and frailties are forgot !

FUTURITY.

Aikin.

Tell us, ye dead, will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret ?
O, that some courteous ghost would blab it out !

Blair.

RISE, spectres, rise ! some pitying ghost appear
And pour the grave's dread secret in mine ear !
Ye live, ye live ! Yes, by the generous glow
Of Virtue struggling through a night of woe ;
By the fell tyrant on his blood-stain'd throne ;
By nameless wretchedness that dies alone ;
By lovely Hope, who soothes the parting sigh ;
By Faith, bright beaming from the death-fix'd eye ,
Ye live ! From forth the narrow dark abode
The spirit steals some viewless unknown road ;—
Then, each fond tie to earth and matter broke
By the free soul, disdainful of the yoke,
Shall it not soar on vigorous pens away
Beyond the ken of thought and golden eye of day ?
Or, by fierce flames from mortal dross refined,
Shall it not mingle with the mass of mind,
Absorb'd and lost the old familiar store
Of treasuring Memory's many-colour'd lore ?
Or does this self, this conscious self, remain
Awake to human joys, to human pain ?
Hangs the fond mother o'er her orphan's head ?
Cheers the loved spouse the widow's sorrowing bed ?

In airy watch do guardian spirits stand,
And guide our faltering steps, an angel band ?
Or, senseless, hush'd in lone sepulchral gloom,
Sleeps the regardless tenant of the tomb,
Till the dread blast shall rouse the silent earth,
And joyful Nature start to second birth,
All nations waken from the awful trance,
And realms and times in wondering gaze advance,
While Memory's voice renews its tuneful sound,
And marshals all the tribes of earth around,
Bids fresh reviving scenes salute their eyes,
And friends with friends to virtuous bliss arise ?
Cease, curious thoughts ! too thick the shades of night
Veil the dread future from our anxious sight ;
The boldest thoughts here urge their course in vain,
Nor pass one bulwark of the drear domain.
Then, when the last faint panting heaves my heart,
And weary life stands fluttering to depart,
One beam of joy shall warm my trembling soul
And Doubt's dun clouds to awful distance roll,
Truth's angel form my fleeting spirit own,
And spring to clasp her in the world unknown.

LACHIN Y. GAIR.

Byron.

[George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in 1788. At the early age of three years, he was left fatherless ; and from that time till he attained his tenth year, when he succeeded to a peerage, he remained under the care of his mother (who was of noble Scotch descent,) in Aberdeenshire. His remembrances of the scenes of his childhood are recorded in an early poem on *Lachin y Gair*, or as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, a mountain which he describes as "one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our Caledonian Alps." Though amongst his earliest

efforts these verses possess considerable poetical force. He was now removed to Harrow School, where he remained till his sixteenth year, when he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807 he left the University for Newstead Abbey, and the same year he gave to the world his first publication, the *Hours of Idleness*. This was followed, in 1809, by a satirical poem entitled *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, occasioned by a Critique on his former work by the Edinburgh Reviewers, who had treated his verses with unmerited contempt. The *Inscription on a Favourite Dog*, tends to shew that at the early age of twenty he had become from pride and self-conceit a misanthrope. Immediately after giving his Satire on the Edinburgh Reviewers to the press, Lord Byron set off on a tour to the Continent, when, among other whimsical exploits, he swam across the Hellespont.

In 1812, a few months after his return, he published a poetical narrative of it, under the title of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which presents a free, a copious, and a vigorous diction; animated descriptions, furious invectives, gloomy meditations, and originality of thought and of expression. He now published, in rapid succession, the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, and *The Corsair*.

In 1815 his lordship married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, and towards the close of the same year his lady brought him a daughter. Within a few weeks, however, after that event a separation took place, and Lord Byron suddenly left the kingdom, with the resolution never to return. On this occasion the celebrated poem of *Fare thee well* was written. He proceeded to the north of Italy, and abode for some time at Venice, which he left for other parts of the Austrian dominions, and afterwards went into Tuscany. Previously to this he had published several other poems, particularly *Lara*,—*The Siege of Corinth*,—*Parisina*,—*Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Mazeppa*. He also wrote *Beppo*, a narrative poem of a loose and immoral nature; which, however, has since been greatly exceeded in profligacy

by *Don Juan*. In like manner, *Manfred*, a wild and preternatural story, was far outdone in impiety by *Cain*.

In 1823, his lordship went into the Morea, in order to give his personal as well as pecuniary support to the Greeks, in their efforts against their oppressors, the Turks, to obtain their independence. In this cause, through exposure to a violent rain, which brought on a cold and inflammation, his lordship died, at Missolonghi, on the 19th April, 1824.]

AWAY ye gay landscapes ! ye gardens of roses !

In you let the minions of luxury rove ;

Restore me the rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,

Though still they are sacred to freedom and love :

Yet, Caledonia ! belov'd are thy mountains,

Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing
fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah ! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid ;

On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,

As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade ;

I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star ;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional story,

Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

Shades of the dead ! have I not heard your voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale ?

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,

And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland
vale ?

Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car ;

Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my Fathers,

They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

Ill-starred,* though brave, did no visions foreboding,
 Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause ?
 Ah ! you were destin'd to die at Culloden ?†
 Victory crown'd not your fall with applause ;
 Still were you happy in death's early slumber,
 You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,‡
 The Pibroch§ resounds to the piper's loud number,
 Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
 Years must elapse, ere I tread you again ;
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain :
 England ! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
 To one, who has rov'd on the mountains afar ;
 Oh ! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Byron.

WHEN some proud son of man returns to earth,
 Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
 The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
 And storied urns record who rests below ;

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors the Gordons ; many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stewarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James II. of Scotland, and by her he left four sons. The third Sir William Gordon I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the battle of Culloden, I am not certain ; but many fell in the insurrection, I have used 'the name of the principal action, " pars pro toto."

‡ A track of the Highlands so called ; there is also a castle of Braemar.

§ The bagpipe.

When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
 Not what he was, but what he should have been ;
 But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
 The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
 Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
 Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
 Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
 Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth :
 While man, vain insect ! hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.
 Oh man ! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust !
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit !
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
 shame.

Ye ! who perchance behold this simple urn,
 Pass on—it honours none you wish to mourn ;
 To mark a Friend's remains these stones arise,—
 I never knew but one—and here he lies.

FARE THEE WELL.

Byron.

FARE thee well ! and if for ever,
 Still for ever, *fare thee well* :
 Even though unforgiving, never
 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that that breast were bared before thee
 Where thy head so oft hath lain,
 While that placid sleep came o'er thee
 Which thou ne'er can'st know again :

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show !
Then thou would'st at last discover
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe—

Though my many faults defaced me ;
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound ?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :

Still thine own life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat ;
And the undying thought which paineth,
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou would'st solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"
Tho' his care she must forego ?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is prest,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love hath bless'd !

Should her lineaments resemble
 Those thou never more may'st see,
 Then thy heart will softly tremble
 With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults perchance thou knowest,
 All my madness none can know ;
 All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
 Wither—yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken :
 Pride, which not a world could bow,
 Bows to thee—by thee forsaken ;
 Even my soul forsakes me now :

But 'tis done—all words are idle—
 Words from me are vainer still ;
 But the thoughts we cannot bridle
 Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well ! thus disunited,
 Torn from every nearer tie,
 Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted—
 More than this I scarce can die.

DESPONDENCY.

Burns.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !

Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear !
Still wearing, 'despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb.

Happy ! ye sons of busy-life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well !
Or haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream :
While praising, and raising,
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part,
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate ;
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill-exchang'd for riper times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage ;
 The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age !

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Scott.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
 And, save his good broad-sword, he weapons had
 none,
 He rode all unarmed, and he rode alone.

So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopt not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late :
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride'smen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and
all :

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven-bridegroom said never a word,)
" O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar ?"

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,
" Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger
stood near.

So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
" She is won ! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby
clan ;

Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
they ran :

There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

PHŒBE.

A PASTORAL.

Byrom.

[Southey speaking of Byrom says, " His muse was so kind that he always found it easier to express his thoughts in verse, than in prose. It is more to his credit that he wrote, in general, with correctness than with ease ; and that his mind was stored with varied imagery, and original turns of thought, which he conveys in flowing measure, always delicate and often harmonious."]

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went ;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast :
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest :
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find !
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring ; but alas ! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep,
I was so good-humoured, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known.

My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among ;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear :
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide :
Must you be so cheerful while I go in pain ?
Peace therewith your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phœbe and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love, and beauty, were all in their
prime ;

But now in their frolics, when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass,
“ Be still then,” I cry, “ for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.”

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me ;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
“ Come hither, poor fellow ;” and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, “ Sirrah !” and give him a blow with my crook :
And I'll give him another ; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe's away ?

When walking with Phœbe what sights have I seen !
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green !
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and every thing made !
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear,
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone :
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave every thing else an agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue ?
And where is the violet's beautiful hue ?
Does aught of its sweetness the blossom beguile,
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah ! rivals, I see what it was that you drest
And made yourselves fine for, a place in her breast :
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be plucked by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phœbe return !
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn !
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down
the lead.

Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for't when she is here.
Ah, Colin ! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou can'st say.

Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain ?
To be cur'd, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove ;
But what swain is so silly to live without love ?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah what shall I do ! I shall die with despair !
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye love one so fair.

SONNET.

Shakspeare.

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

RETURN OF RODERICK.

Southey.

[Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureat, was born August 12, 1774, at Bristol, where his father carried on an extensive business as a wholesale linen draper. The son was educated first under Mr. Foote, a Baptist minister of great ability, but at that time very aged. After a short time young Southey was removed to a school at Corston, where he remained about two years, and was then entered at Westminster School in 1787, where, in 1790, he fell under censure for his concern in the rebellion excited against the master, Dr. Vincent. In 1792 he became a student of Baliol College, Oxford, with a view to the church, but Unitarian principles and the revolutionary mania put an end to that

Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms ; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groans suppress : the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after call'd him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee ! With a look that seem'd
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood still,
Staring awhile ; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his heart,
Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
So through the streets, and through the northern
gate,

Did Roderick, reckless of a resting place,
With feeble yet with hurried step, pursue
His agitated way ; and when he reach'd
The open fields, and found himself alone
Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
Was then repose and comfort. There he stopt
Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf ;
And shedding o'er that unaccustom'd food
Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
He breathed thanksgiving forth ; then made his bed
On heath and myrtle.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

Mallett.

[Dr. Johnson is almost singular in thinking that Mallett's *William and Margaret* contains "nothing very striking or difficult." This little piece is fully entitled to the very favorable reception it has met with. It is the most pleasing of all Mallett's poetical compositions; is at once plaintive, pathetic and simple; and both the sentiment and the expression are equally captivating. We do not say too much, when we rank *William and Margaret* with the best compositions of the kind in our language.]

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like the April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

“ Awake ! (she cried) thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refus'd to save :

“ This is the dark and fearful hour
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

“ Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

“ How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

“ How could you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

“ How could you say my lip was sweet,
And make the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flattering tale ?

“ That face, alas ! no more is fair,
That lip no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

“ The hungry worm my sister is ;
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night
Till that last morn appear.

“ But hark ! the cock has warn’d me hence :
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man ! how low she lies
That died for love of you.”

Now birds did sing, and morning smile,
And shew her glittering head :
Pale William shook in every limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Marg’ret’s body lay,
And stretch’d him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay :

And thrice he call’d on Marg’ret’s name,
And thrice he wept full sore :
Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
And word spoke never more.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Byron.

HARK ! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound ;
Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrown’d,
And pale, but lovely with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou ?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead ?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head ?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hush'd that pang for ever : with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy
 Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it seem'd to cloy.

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it be,
 Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored !
 Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
 And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to hoard
 Her many griefs for ONE ; for she had pour'd
 Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
 Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,
 And desolate consort—vainly wert thou wed !
 The husband of a year ! the father of the dead !

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made ;
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
 The fair-haired daughter of the isles is laid.
 The love of millions ! How we did entrust
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deem'd
 Our children should obey her child, and bless'd
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seem'd
 Like stars to shepherd's eyes :—'twas but a meteor
 beam'd.

HOPE.

Campbell.

Auspicious Hope ! in thy sweet garden grow
 Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe :
 Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
 The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower ;

There as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring :
What viewless forms the' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life ! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.
Lo ! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark, careering o'er unfathom'd fields ;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles ;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow ;
And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark delay ;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul :
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the lov'd shore he sighed to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace ;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps with many a sigh his children dear !

A LANDSCAPE.

Cunningham.

Now that summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolics where the winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields,
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings browse !
Here a flock of snowy sheep !
There an herd of motley cows !

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day ;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening gray.

Where the rill by slow degrees,
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks, and shelving trees,
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride ;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide :—

Where the ships by wanton gales
Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
Whiten'd by the laughing sun !

High upon the daisied hill,
Rising from the slope of trees ;
How the wings of yonder mill
Labour in the busy breeze !

Where the stone cross lifts its head,
Many a saint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath your reverend shades,
Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

Hamlets, villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Pope.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart ;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold ;
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age :
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
In pitying love, we but your weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
He bids your breast with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys ;
—A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling, with a falling state !
While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed ?
Who hears him groan and does not wish to bleed ?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphant cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;—
As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;
The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from every eye,
The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by ;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

THE FAULTS OF THE DEAD LIE IN THEIR GRAVE.

Sotheby.

HARD is his heart, who never at the tomb
Of one belov'd, o'er the sepulchral urn
Has mus'd on days that shall no more return,
And call'd around from the funereal gloom,
Shades of past joy ; while tears that lenient flow,
Seem to obliterate the sense of woe.

Lo ! on the mirror bright of former days,
 Whereon we love to gaze,
 Repicturing the scene of happiness,
 No forms unkind intrude ;
 O'er each hard feature rude
 Gather the shadows of forgetfulness ;
 While all that minister'd delight,
 Floats like a blissful dream before the sight.

'Tis as a pleasant land by moonlight seen,
 Where each harsh form that met the day,
 In darkness dies away ;
 Smooth gleams and tender shadows steal between,
 While the pale silvery orb glides peaceful o'er the
 scene.

MONODY.

Lyttleton.

[As a poet the compositions of Lyttleton are characterised by elegance, ease and harmony. In his *Monody*, the most popular of his productions, the virtues and accomplishments of his most excellent lady, are commemorated in numbers equally harmonious and tender. He who can read it without melting into tears has little claim to sensibility. It appears to have flowed simply from the genuine feelings of a most susceptible and deeply afflicted heart.]

Ar length escaped from every human eye,
 From every duty, every care,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry ;
 Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burdened heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief ;

Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen ;
But never shall you now behold her more :
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore :
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice ;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songster of the spring :
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more :
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets now resume your song ;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell ;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
Over the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry ;
Where oft we used to walk ;
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer's sun go down the sky ;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found :
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity may wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye :
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flower-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly.
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames, with energy divine,
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes ! who, like the little playful fawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide ?
 Ah ! where is now the hand, whose tender care,
 To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of truth ?
 O lost beyond repair !
 O wretched father ! left alone,
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
 Now she, alas ! is gone,
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to save.

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate,
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore ;
 From these fond arms, that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow ?
 Could not your favouring pow'r, Aonian maids,
 Could not, alas ! your power prolong her date ?
 For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Campden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store ;
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow ?

Nor then did Pindus, or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
 Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play ;
 Nor then on Mincio's* bank,
 Beset with osiers dank,
 Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream,
 Nor where, through hanging woods,
 Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
 Nor yet where Meles§ or Illissus|| stray,
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome ?
 And all that in her latter days,
 To emulate her ancient praise,

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on the banks, is called Mellisigines.

|| The Illissus is a river of Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce ;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces, temper'd and refin'd ;
 Or what, in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd,
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise !
 Ah ! what is now the use
 Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind ?
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd !

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd
 tomb ;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad,
 Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn ;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay !

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace !
 How eloquent in ev'ry look
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke
 Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
 With candid Truth's simplicity,
 And uncorrupted innocence !
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence
 Of more than female tenderness :
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others' good destroy ;

Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want, and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart ;
 And all relief that bounty could bestow !
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall ;
 Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind ;
 A spirit that with noble pride
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown ;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize ;
 That, injur'd or offended, never tried
 Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.

A wit that, temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone ; nor ever pass'd
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd ;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
 Amidst the' acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wint'ry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head !
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen ;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and the 'Idalian queen :
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Appenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows ;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves and
dies.

Arise, O Petrarch ! from the 'Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd,
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by the skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disast'rous love ;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas ! thy woes, compar'd to mine ?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand ;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart

Of every secret grief that fester'd there :
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain :
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives ! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms :
How can my soul endure the loss of thee ?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live ?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of ev'ry virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give ?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could
raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find ?
On whom for consolation shall I call ?
Support me, ev'ry friend ;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas ! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all :
Each favorite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind :
The rolling year his various course perform'd,

And back return'd again ;
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind :
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke !
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke !
Yet, O my soul ! thy rising murmurs stay ;
Nor dare the' All-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade.
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain ?
No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss !
Even Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss :
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore :
There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Byron.

———THE feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired ;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired ;
The lady and her lover, left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight sky admired ;—
Ave Maria ! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee !

Ave Maria ! blessed be the hour !
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !
Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !
Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !
Ave Maria ! oh, that face so fair !
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
'That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

* * * *

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest ! which Boccacio's lore

And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Where the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along ;
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird, the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer ;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest ;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
Ah ! surely nothing dies but something mourns !

SONNET.

Elton.

BENEATH these beetling cliffs, from age to age
Immovable, whose ramparts have withstood
The thunder's shivering stroke, and the white rage
Of ocean, rolling its incessant flood,

I sit ; and on the verge of azure sky
 Trace the far sail ; or mark the seagull glide
 Above the shadow'd sands ; or tranquilly
 Watch the slow breeze rippling the dark blue tide :
 Here man is then himself : I feel thee now,
 Exalting Independence ! who could rest
 Beneath this giant rock's o'ervaulting brow,
 Lengthening in shadow on the billow's breast ;
 Could gaze yon boundless amplitude of sea,
 Yon marble space of air, and not be free ?

HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Fletcher.

[Phineas Fletcher, the cousin of Fletcher the dramatist, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and beneficed in Norfolk in 1621. The principal of his poetical works is the *Purple Island*, an allegorical description of man, composed in Spenser's manner.]

THRICE, oh thrice happy, shepherd's life and state !
 When courts are happiness, unhappy pawns !
 His cottage low and safely humble gate
 Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns :
 No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep,
 Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep :
 Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Serian worms he knows, that with their thread
 Draw out their silken lives : nor silken pride :
 His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
 Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dy'd :
 No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright ;
 Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite :
 But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise ;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes :
In country plays is all the strife he uses ;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses ;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content :
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent,
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease :
Pleas'd, and full blest he lives, when he his God can
please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face :
Never his humble house nor state torment him :
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb,
content him.

MARY'S EVENING SIGH.

Bloomfield.

With lovely pearl the western sky
Is glowing far and wide,
And yon light golden clouds that fly
So slowly side by side ;
The deepening tints, the arch of light,
'E'en I with rapture see ;
And sigh, and bless the charming sight
That lures my love from me.

O hill that shadest the valley here,
Thou bear'st on thy green brow
The only wealth to Mary dear,
And all she'll ever know.
Full in the crimson light I see,
Above thy summit rise,
My Edward's form ; he looks to me
A statue in the skies.

Descend, my love, the hour is come ;
Why linger on the hill ?
The sun hath left my quiet home,
But thou canst see him still ;
Yet, why a lonely wanderer stray ?
Alone the joy pursue ?
The glories of the closing day
Can charm thy Mary too.

O Edward, when we stroll'd along
Beneath the waving corn,
And both confess'd the power of song,
And bless'd the dewy morn ;
To thy fond words my heart replied
(My presence then could move),
' How sweet with Mary by my side,
To gaze and talk of love.'

Thou art not false ;—that cannot be !
Yet I my rivals deem
Each woodland charm, the moss, the tree,
The silence, and the stream.
If these, my love, detain thee now,
I'll yet forgive thy stay ;
But with to-morrow's dawn come thou—
We'll brush the dews away.

EVENING DESCRIBED.—MIDNIGHT.—THE
SHIP WEIGHING ANCHOR AND DÉPART-
ING FROM THE HAVEN.

Falconer.

[In the powers of description, the author of the *Shipwreck* has scarcely a superior. The distant ocean and its grand phenomena have often employed the pens of the most eminent poets, but they have generally produced an effort by indefinite outlines and imaginary incidents. In Falconer we have the painting of a great artist taken on the spot, with such minute fidelity, as well as picturesque effect, that we are chained to the scene with all the feelings of actual terror. "The *Shipwreck*," says Mr. Stanier Clarke, "is of inestimable value to this country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of navigation, and may be considered as the grammar of her professional science."]

THE sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around ; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain ;
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore :
And lo ! his surface lovely to behold !
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold !
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains :
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns !

While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale ;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love ;
With joyful eyes the' attentive master sees,
The' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main ;
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring ;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or sing ;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely strain :
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors crost, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails ;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane :
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between :
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen !
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd ; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love,
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch, on deck he sprung ;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung,
“ All hands unmoor ! ” proclaims a boisterous cry :
“ All hands unmoor ! ” the cavern rocks reply.

Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, up-springing with a bound
They lodge their bars, and wheel their engine round :
At every turn the clanging paul's resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvass wings extend :
Redoubling cords the lofty canvass guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream :
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.
From east to north the transient breezes play ;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues ; they dread the' adjacent shore ;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before :
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend ;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill ; the danger's o'er :
The port is doubled and beheld no more.

NIGHT.

Montgomery.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose ;
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams,
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife :
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil,
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young, like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance ;
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours mis-spent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus midst his slumb'ring host
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,

Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,
So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death,
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath
From sin and suffering cease ;
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine.

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

Addison.

[Addison as a poet is generally elegant, sometimes strong, frequently ingenious, and always pure, although deficient in that vivid force and sublime conception which characterise a poet of the first class. As a critic he has obtained the highest reputation from several Essays in his periodical works, and particularly from the series of observations on the *Paradise Lost*, and of papers on the *Pleasures of Imagination*. As a model of English prose, he deserves the highest praise ; “Whoever,” says Dr. Johnson, “wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.” His *Defence of the Christian Religion*, the whole course of his life, and his behaviour at his last moments, prove that Addison was a sincere Christian. The anecdote of his death-bed advice cannot be too often repeated. When all

hopes of life were at an end, Addison sent for a young man nearly related to him, who wanted such a lesson, and grasping his hand, said to him, with tender emphasis, "See in what peace a Christian can die."]

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads :
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

ELEGY ON ADDISON.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF WARWICK.

Tickell.

If dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!

Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires :
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave ?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of
kings !

What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire ;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir ;
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate paid :
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend.
Oh, gone for ever ! take this long adieu ;
And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montague.
To strew fresh laurels, let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine ;
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue,

My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee !

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallow'd mould below ;
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ;
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven ;
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest ;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region to the just assign'd,
What new employments please the' unbody'd mind ?
A winged virtue, through the' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly ?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels
gaze ;

Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battl'd, and the dragon fell ;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, nor ill essay'd below ?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind ?
Oh ! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend !
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart :
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me,

In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
 If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 The' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my
 sight;

If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song:
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe;
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou hill whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
 No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
 Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
 And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
 O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in the' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs! the' expiring sage convey'd,

Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, join'd in fame, in friendship
try'd,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

ON BEHOLDING THE SETTING SUN.

Palethorpe.

How grand the scene Omnipotence has drawn!
The big sun rolling down the steep of heaven,
With gore-stain'd front, like some great conqueror
Triumphantly returning from the field.
What glorious colours spread around his form!
What gorgeous streaks and hues magnificent
Of blushing saffron, and the kindling flames
Of gold and purple;—yea, the numerous shades
Which shine refulgent in the circling arch,
Beaming o'er heaven's illimitable vault.
Lo! now, beneath a ridge of purple cloud,
He partly sinks, and greyer is the scene
And less enchanting;—
And now he's lost behind the deep opaque,—
And now again, emerging from the cloud,
He shews his august form,
And gives creation his last parting smile.
'Tis beautiful! on scenes like these the eye
Gazes with ecstasy, and weeps to part.
And oh! if such can wake the enraptured mind
To high emotions of sublimest thought,
What must the glory, what the transport be

When God unveils the brightness of his throne,
Before which angels and archangels fall
In holiest adoration, while they cry,
O holy, holy, holy, God Almighty!
And hosts cherubic, with the saints of earth
Wash'd in the blood of the *Eternal Lamb*,
The loud hosannah sing !

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Pope.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill,
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this ;
Ten censure wrong, for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches ; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Those half-learn'd wittlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal :
To tell them would a thousand tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might a hundred tire.

But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;

Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd ;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.

If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite, -
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share.
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well :
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true ;
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet if we look more closely we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind ;
Nature affords at least a glimmering light,
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right.

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced ;
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit :
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails ;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit ;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.

Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more,
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same :
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light.
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art :
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides ;
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains,
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed ;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodised :
Nature like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress and when indulge our flights :
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
Held from afar, aloft the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heaven.
The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved :

But following wits from that intention stray'd :
 Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid :
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters, fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moth e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then, whose judgment the right course would
 steer,

Know well each ancient's proper character :
 His fable, subject, scope in every page :
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night :
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring :
 Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro, in his boundless mind
 A work to outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
 And but from nature's fountains scorn'd to draw.
 But when to examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found the same.
 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
 To copy nature, is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The intent proposed; that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track ;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains,
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As king's dispense with laws themselves have made),
Moderns, beware ! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end :
Let it be seldom and compell'd by need :
And have at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults,
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array ;
But with the occasion, and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring !
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring !
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail ! bards triumphant ! born in happier days ;
Immortal heirs of universal praise !
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow ;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found !
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That, on weak wings, from far pursues your flights ;
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes),
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own !

PART II.

OF all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind ;
What the weak head with strongest bias rules—
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride !
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself ; but, your defects to know
Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing !
 Drink deep, or taste not the Piërian spring :
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind,
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise !
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky !
 The eternal snows appear already pass'd,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way :
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ :
 Survey the whole nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all,
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
 (The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome !)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to the admiring eyes ;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear,
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

In every work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend ;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due ;
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the less commit ;
 Neglect the rule each verbal critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise,
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part :
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage ;
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice ;
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities, what not ?
 All which exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 " What leave the combat out ? " exclaims the knight.
 " Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte. " —
 " Not so by heaven ! " (he answers in a rage,)
 " Knights, squires, and steeds must enter on the
 stage. " —
 " So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain. " —
 " Then build a new, or act it on a plain. "

Thus critics of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas ; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit ;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.

Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit;
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—the style is excellent;
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay;
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old ;
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
 Nor yet the last to lay the whole aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables, alone require,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join,
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find " the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line it " whispers through the trees :"
 If crystal streams " with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with " sleep :"
 Then at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
 know
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
 join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 As those move easiest, who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :
 Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow :
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love :
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes ; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shews great pride, or little sense :
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn, thy rapture move :
For fools admire, but men of sense approve :
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dullness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize :
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimed,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last ;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days,
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dullness joins with quality ;
A constant critic at the great man's board
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hacknied sonneteer, or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought !

The vulgar thus through imitation err !
As oft the learn'd by being singular ;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng,
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong :
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Sorely praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause ; they're wiser still they say :
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons, no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread :
Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted :
Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?

Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit ;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side and mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux,
 But sense survived, when merry jests were past ;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise ;
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But, like a shadow, proves the substance true :
 For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
 The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
 But e'en those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend ;
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch wits survived a thousand years !
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast ;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light :
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live ;
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings ;
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy ;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required :
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
ease,

Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel,
And such were praised, who but endeavour'd well ;
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools :
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise !
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ;
To err is human ; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off of spleen and sour disdain ;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind :
But dullness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age, of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprang the rank weed, and thrived with large increase :
When love was all an easy monarch's care :
Seldom at council, never in a war ;
Jilts rule the state, and statesmen farces writ :
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit :
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away ;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a former reign,
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute ;
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who scandalously nice
Will needs mistake an author into 'vice ;
All seems infected, that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning join ;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will need be always so :
But you, with pleasure, own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true :
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do ;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding truth is disapproved :
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence, ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take :
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull !
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain ;
 Your silence there is better than your spite :
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 E'en to the dregs, and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too :
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Duffey's Tales :
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy :
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay, shew'd his faults—but when would poet's mend ?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
 yard :

Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead ;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes ;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And, never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbiass'd, or by favour, or by spite ;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right :

Though learn'd, well-bred ; and though well-bred
sincere ;

Modestly bold and humanely severe :
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe ;
Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined ;
A knowledge both of books and humankind ;
Generous converse : a soul exempt from pride :
And love to praise, with reason on his side ?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew :
The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore :
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense :
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See, Dionysius, Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd :
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,

But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use and ready to command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd and useful laws ordain'd :
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind ;
Much was believed but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good :
A second deluge learning thus o'erran
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name
(The glory of the priesthood and the shame !)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd
bays ;

Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live :
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida ! on whose honest brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow :
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame.

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses pass'd :

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France.
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilized ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old,
Yet some there were among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rule and practice tell,
" Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood ;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend ;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give :
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing.
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries ;
Content, if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame :
Averse alike to flatter or offend ;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

CLEOPATRA.

Shakspeare.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were
 silver;
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat, to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description: she did lie
 In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue),
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
 The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

COMPLAINT OF BLINDNESS.

Milton.

THEE I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill.—
 Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mists from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

APPROACHING STORM.

Moore.

THE day is lowering—stilly black
Sleeps the grim wave, while heaven's rack,
Dispers'd and wild, 'twixt earth and sky
Hangs like a shatter'd canopy !——
On earth 'twas yet all calm around,
A pulseless silence, dread, profound,
More awful than the tempest's sound.
The diver steer'd for Ormus' bowers,
And moor'd his skiff till calmer hours !
The sea-birds, with portentous screech,
Flew fast to land ;—upon the beach
The pilot oft had paus'd, with glance
Turn'd upward to that wild expanse ;
And all was boding, drear and dark
As her own soul, when Hinda's bark
Went slowly from the Persian shore ;
No music timed her parting oar,

Nor friends upon the lessening strand
Linger'd, to wave the unseen hand,
Or speak the farewell, heard no more ;—
But lone, unheeded, from the bay
The vessel takes its mournful way,
Like some ill-destin'd bark that steers
In silence through the Gate of Tears.

MY NATIVE HOME.

Robinson.

O'ER breezy hill or woodland glade,
At morning's dawn or closing day,
In Summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
Or pensive moonlight's silver grey,
The wretch in sadness still shall roam,
Who wanders from his native home.

While, at the foot of some old tree,
As meditation sooths his mind,
Lull'd by the hum of wand'ring bee,
Or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,
His vagrant fancy still shall roam,
And lead him to his native home.

Tho' Love a fragrant couch may weave,
And Fortune heap the festive board,
Still Memory oft would turn to grieve,
And Reason scorn the splendid hoard ;
While he, beneath the proudest dome,
Would languish for his native home.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
And sweetly calm the darkest glen ;
While Pomp, and Pride, and Power appear,
At best, the glitt'ring plagues of men ;

Unsought by those that never roam
Forgetful of their native home.

Let me to summer shades retire,
With Meditation and the Muse !
Or, round the social winter fire,
The glow of temper'd mirth diffuse ;
Tho' winds may howl, and waters foam,
I still shall bless my native home.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON THE MORNING OF
HER BIRTH-DAY.

Byron.

HAIL to this teeming stage of strife—
Hail, lovely miniature of life !
Pilgrim of many cares untold !
Lamb of the world's extended fold !
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears !
Sweet promise of ecstatic years !
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee !

'Tis nature's worship—felt—confest
Far as the life which warms the breast :
The sturdy savage 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods, and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

Dear babe ! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak ;

Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce despair,
Would I could meet thine untun'd ear,
And greet it with a father's pray'r.

But little reck'st thou, O my child !
Of travail on life's thorny wild,
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each loit'ring footstep which enclose—
Ah ! little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that speeds between
The little all we here can find
And the dark mystic sphere behind !

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born !
Of clouds that gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of fiends who stab the heart they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store !
Would thou might'st never reckon more !

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep—
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd—
Beguil'd by follies, ev'ry day,
Sorrow must wash thy faults away ;
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

Unconscious babe ! tho' on that brow
No half-fledg'd mis'ry nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,
Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

Oh ! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell !
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill ;
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on my child, thy slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew thy cheek—
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agoniz'd with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care—ah ! much too soon.

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all thine own,
Of many a pang and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill, untold, unsung,
That will not, may not find a tongue ;
But kept conceal'd without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul !

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May joy still animate thy breast !
Still 'midst thy least propitious days
Shedding its rich inspiring rays !
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r ;
And, as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail ! sweet miniature of life !
Hail, to this teeming stage of strife !

Pilgrim of many cares untold !
Lamb of the world's extended fold !
Fountain of hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Sweet promise of ecstatic years !
How fainly would I bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee !

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Burns.

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary ! dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

'That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love !
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

THE TEAR.

Moore.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid ! it was her Lindor's tomb !

A warm tear gush'd ; the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away :
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An Angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem !

LINES ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Cowper.

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me ;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child,—chase all thy fears away !”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrance of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bid’st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learn’d that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover’d thy spirit o’er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life’s journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav’st me, though unseen, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile ! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell toll’d on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs’ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such :—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, griev’d themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish’d, I long believ’d,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv’d.
By expectation every day beguil’d,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor ;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties 'ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes ;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might,—

But no—what here we call our life is such
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reach'd the shore,
“ Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,”
And thy lov'd consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to' have liv'd my childhood o'er again ;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd thy pow'r to soothe me left.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Barton.

BEAUTIFUL creature ! I have been
Moments uncounted watching thee,
Now flitting round the foliage green
Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree ;
And now again, in frolic glee,
Hov'ring around those opening flowers,
Happy as nature's child should be,
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,
Till feelings I can scarce define,
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,
With desultory thoughts combine
Not to induce me to repine,
Or envy thee thy happiness ;
But from a lot so bright as thine
To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads
Creation with a Christian's eye,
Each happy living creature pleads
The cause of Him who reigns on high ;
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,
Gave life to every thing that lives,
And still delighteth to supply
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,
Enforced by rhet'ric's frigid powers ;—
But when it has its quiet birth
In contemplation's silent hours ;

When Summer's brightly peopled bowers
Bring *home* its teachings *to the heart*,
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,
Its touching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,
Becom'st a symbol fair and true
Of hopes that own no mortal term ;
In thy proud change we see the germ
Of Man's sublimer destiny,
While holiest oracles confirm
The type of immortality !

A change more glorious far than thine,
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,
When this exhausted frame of mine
Down to its kindred dust shall go :
When the anxiety and woe
Of being's embryo state shall seem
Like phantoms flitting to and fro
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,
With all thy nature asks—supplied,
A few brief summer days, and thou
No more amid these haunts shall glide,
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride
The sylph-like genius of the scene,
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been !

While Man's immortal part, when Time
Shall set the chainless spirit free,
May seek a brighter, happier clime
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee :
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,
And sad Experience mourns to see
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,
 To which our holiest wishes cling,
 Joys, that eternally endure,
 Shall bloom in everlasting Spring :
 There seraph harps, of golden string,
 Are vocal to the great I AM,
 And souls redeem'd their anthems sing
 Of grateful praises to THE LAMB !

Shall they who here anticipate,
 Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,
 Those joys immortal that await
 Angelic spirits purified,
 Shall such, however deeply tried,
 E'er cast their glorious hopes away ?
 Oh ! be those hopes their heaven-ward guide,
 Their steadfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck'd
 Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade ;
 Though sorrow, poverty, neglect—
 Now seem to wrap their souls in shade ;—
 Let these look upward undismay'd,
 From thorny paths, in anguish trod
 To regions where—in light array'd,
 Still dwells their Saviour, and their God.

Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,
 With whom began my votive strain :
 Yet purer joys *their* hopes supply,
 Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain
 Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,
 Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,
 Through earthly losses heavenly gain,
 And LIFE IMMORTAL through THE TOMB.

MYNSTRELLES' SONGE.

Chatterton.

[Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752. At the age of five years, he was committed to the care of Mr. Love, master of the school in Pyle-street; but either his faculties were not yet opened, or the waywardness of genius incapacitated him from receiving instruction in the ordinary methods, and he was remanded to his mother, as a dull boy, and incapable of improvement. She was rendered extremely unhappy by the unpromising aspect of his infant faculties, till he *fell in love*, as she expressed herself, with the illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript in French, which enabled her to initiate him in the alphabet. She afterwards taught him to read, from an old black-lettered Testament or Bible; and it is not unreasonable to suppose, that his peculiar attachment to antiquities, may, in a considerable degree, have resulted from this circumstance. When within a few months of eight years of age he was admitted into Colston's Charity School, on leaving which at the end of seven years, he was apprenticed to an attorney of Bristol. The activity of his mind while in this situation is almost unparalleled; the greater part of his compositions, both under the name of Rowley and his own, being written at this time, and ere he had attained little more than his seventeenth year.

Encouraged by the most liberal promises of assistance and employment from several booksellers and printers in London, he resolved to try his fortune there, and in April 1770 he bade his native city a final adieu. But his splendid visions of promotion and consequence soon vanished. Not long after his arrival in London, he writes to his mother, "The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No one can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers; without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve, and with it the greatest

dunce may live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty much dipped into." This knowledge, however, instead of conducting to opulence and independence, proved a delusive guide; and though he boasts of having pieces in the month of June 1770, in the "Gospel Magazine," the "Town and Country," the "Court and City," the "London," the "Political Register," &c. and that almost the whole "Town and Country" for July was his; yet it appears, so scanty was the remuneration for those periodical labours, that even these uncommon exertions of industry and genius were insufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and he seems to have sunk at once from the highest elevation of hope and illusion, to the depths of despair; and on the 24th of August 1770, this unfortunate genius closed his short life by swallowing arsenic in water, and was interred in the burying ground of Shoe-lane Workhouse.

Chatterton's fairest claim to immortality is founded on the Poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, a priest of Bristol in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. and which he asserted he had found in some old chests in Redcliff Church, Bristol. The controversy which their publication excited, is the most curious and extraordinary which, since the days of Bentley and Boyle, has divided the literary world. But it seems now to be generally acknowledged that they were really of his own composition. As a specimen of them we subjoin the following extract:—]

FYRSTE MYNSTRELLE.

THE boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte;
 The mees* be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;
 Ynn daiseyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;
 The nesh† yonge coveslepe bendethe wyth the
 dewe;

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne straughte,
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestlyng dynne
 ys brought.

* *Mees*, meads.

† *Nesh*, tender.

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe
 alonge ;
 The roddie welkynne sheeneth to the eyne ;
 Arounde the alestake mynstrells synge the songe :
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste to entwyne ;
 I laie mee on the grasse ; yette, to mie wylle,
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethinge
 style.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,
 All Heavenn and erthe dy'd homage to hys
 mynde ;
 Ynn womann alleyne* mannes pleasaunce lyes ;
 As instrumentes of joie were made the kynde.
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for
 thee.

THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake† and sonne-brente doe
 appere,
 With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge
 lefe,
 Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere,
 Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe ;
 Whan al the hyls wythe wodde sede ys whyte ;
 Whanne levynne-fyres‡ and lemes do mete from far
 the syghte ; •

Whann the fayre apple, rudde as even skie,
 Do bende the tree unto the fructyle grounde ;
 When joicie peres, and berries of black die,
 Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the eyne arounde ;
 Thanne, bee the even foule, or even fayre,
 Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme
 care.

* *Alleyne*, only. † *Blake*, naked. ‡ *Levynne-fyres*, lightning.

SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde ;
 Angelles alleyn fromm chafe* desyre bee free ;
 Dheere ys a somewhatte evere yn the mynde,
 Yatte, wythout womann, cannot stylled bee ;
 Ne syncte yn celles, botte havynge blodde and tere,†
 Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne
 fayre :

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselves, botte
 manne,
 Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire ;
 Fromme an ynutyle membre fyrste beganne,
 Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre ;
 Therefore theie seke the fyre of love to hete,
 The mylkyness of kynde, and make hemselves com-
 plete.

Albeytte, without wommen, menne were pheeres‡
 To salvage kynde, and wulde botte lyve to slea,
 Botte womanne efte the spryghte of peace so cheres,
 Tochelod yn angel joi heie angeles bee ;
 Go, take thee swythyn§ to thie bedde a wyfe,
 Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

SONG.

Thelwall.

DID you see my fair one ever
 In her vernal morn of love ?
 She was sweet as blooming heather,
 Soft as turtle of the grove.

Oh ! when first my eyes beheld her,
 Blushing in her early teens !
 Rose nor lily e'er excell'd her,
 Though the garden's rival queens.

* *Chafe*, hot. † *Tere*, health. ‡ *Pheeres*, equals. § *Swythyn*, quickly.

Budding like the Paphian myrtle,
Softly swell'd her virgin breast :
There beneath the modest kirtle
Love yet slumber'd in his nest.

Mild her eyebeam, sweetly playing,
Like the morning's tender light ;
Through the silken lashes straying,
Shafts resistless wing'd their flight.

One sly corner, all so bright in,
Lo ! a bevel'd vein appear.
Love had stolen his grandsire's lightning,
And conceal'd the plunder here.

Such my fair one, brightly glowing,
Blossom'd in her vernal hour.
Time, each mental charm bestowing,
Give the fruit, but spare the flower.

SONG.

Ben Jonson.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

Gay.

[John Gay was born at or near Barnstaple in Devonshire, in 1688, was educated at the free school of Barnstaple, and was afterwards put apprentice to a silk-mercator in London. Leaving this situation, he became secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth. He was afterwards secretary to the Earl of Clarendon in his embassy to the court of Hanover. His writings were productive of considerable profit to him. In the latter part of his life, he received the kind patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who took him into their house, and condescended to manage his pecuniary concerns. He died in 1732.]

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate :
The attendants of his gloomy reign !
Diseases dire, a ghastly train !
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice that thundered from the throne :
“ This night, our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim ;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.”
All, at the word, stretch’d forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed :
“ I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal ;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.”

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place ;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies :

Still working when he seems suppressed ;
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :
“ My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.”

Stone urged his overgrowing force ;
And, next, Consumption’s meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred :
“ Let none object my lingering way ;
I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack secure, though slow.”

Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band ;
When thus the monarch from the throne :

“ Merit was ever modest known.
What ! no physician speak his right !
None here ! but fees their toils requite.
Let then intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest,)
Forego your claim ; no more pretend :
Intemperance is esteemed a friend ;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.”

TO POESY.

Wither.

[George Wither was born 1588. Whilst his puritanism excited enemies, his talents and frankness gained him friends. To shew his independence he wrote his *Abuses whipt and stript*, for which he was thrown into prison. During his imprisonment, he wrote his *Shepherds' Hunting*, which, perhaps contains the very finest touches that ever came from his hasty and irregular pen. In the "National Remembrancer" he sketched the plan of an annual and freely-elected Parliament, which differed altogether from the shadow of representation afforded by the government of Cromwell. At the restoration his estates were taken from him, and, for what was deemed a libel on the new government, he was committed first to Newgate, and afterwards to the Tower. His last days were probably spent in wretchedness and obscurity. He died in 1669.]

SEE'ST thou not, in clearest days
Oft thick fogs could heavens raise ?
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams,
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it (unblemish'd) fair ?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee.
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale ;
Poesy so sometimes drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains ;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light ;

But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing, she gets power !
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more ;
Till she too the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last,
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight :
For if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb ;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas ! my Muse is slow ;
For thy pace she flags too low.
Yes, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipp'd of late ;
And poor I, her fortune ruing,
Am myself put up a muing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did.
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double ;
I would love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For though banish'd from my flocks,
And confined within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night ;
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the spring-tide yields ;
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chaunt their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voic'd Philomel ;

Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will :
Whence she should be driven to,
Wer't in mortals power to do.
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow ;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from every thing I saw,
I could some invention draw ;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight :
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling ;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness :
The dull loanness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss ;
The rude portals, that give light
More to terror than delight,

This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect,
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore, then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this !
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent ;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born ;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee !
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy mad'st fits
Above all their greatest wits !
And though some too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them !

THE END.

